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Roderick, the Last of the Goths; a Tragic Poem. By Robert Southey, Esq. Poet Laureat, and Member of the Royal Spanish Academy. 4to. Pp. 340. and cxxxvii. Philadelphia, re-printed by E. Earle. 18 mo.

[From the Eclectic Review.]

THERE are scarcely six heroic poems in the world that have acquired general, permanent, and increasing renown; yet nothing short of this, in idea, has been the object of the authors of hundreds of similar works, which have gained a transient, or established a local reputation.

“What shall I do to be for ever known?”

—is the aspiration of every true poet, though, in the pursuit of fame, each will choose, out of all the means whereby it may be achieved, those only which are most congenial to his talents or his taste. A libertine will not select a sacred theme, nor a modest man a licentious one; but be it a virtuous or a profligate

one, we may assert, not as a questionable hypothesis, but as a matter of fact, that the love of glory is the first impulse of every poet's mind, and the desire of the greatest degree of glory, is, perhaps essential to the attainment of even a moderate portion. Without the highest honours in view, no poet will put forth his whole strength; he will be content with the exertions that enable him to excel his competitors, but he will want a motive for those which would enable him to excel himself.

Mr. Southey is still in the prime of manhood, and, exclusive of other compositions of singular merit, both in verse and in prose, more than we can at present enumerate, he has already published five epics; for, though he disclaims the "degraded name," epics, we must call them, till he furnish a more appropriate generic term for his long narrative poems. It might safely be said by any person who had not read any one of these, that they will not all go down to posterity as the companions of the "Iliad," the "Odyssey," the "Æneid," the "Jerusalem Delivered," and the "Paradise Lost;" since the possibility that one writer should mature five productions equal to these, cannot for a moment be imagined, after the experience of three thousand years from Homer or Milton. But *we* have read *all* Mr. Southey's Epics; and it is quite fair that we be asked whether we think *one* of them will stand in this line among the few imperishable monuments of genius, and add another volume to the library of mankind—a volume that shall be read in all ages, and in all countries, where a language beside the mother language is known? We will not say No, and we cannot say Yes; but we do not hesitate to admit, that we know no reason that the intellect, the imagination, and the energy of that mind, which, within eighteen years, has given birth to "Joan of Arc," to "Thalaba," to "Madoc," to "Kehama," and to "Roderick," might not, within the same period, have elaborated a single poem, rivalling in length, only one, but transcending in merit, all of these admirable pieces. At the same time we are willing to acknowledge, though we are unwilling to admit the application to Mr. Southey, that it may be very possible for an author of exalted acquirements and versatile talents, to compose *the five*, who could by no intensity of application perfect *one* such as we have supposed, nor indeed one of any kind much excelling the rest. There are birds of indefatigable wing, that soar often and long, to a noble elevation, and yet

"The eagle drops them in a lower sky,"

though *his* flights are "few and far between." If Mr. Southey has found his height, and dares not venture nearer to the sun, let him make his excursions as frequently as he pleases in this mid-

the region, and we shall always be glad to hail his rising, admire his course, and welcome his descent; but if by any toil, or time, or care, he *can* reach "the highest heaven of invention," we would earnestly entreat him, in the name of all that he loves in song, or seeks in fame, to risk the enterprise. We know he needs not write for bread; his living renown can little compensate him for his arduous and incessant pains; then, since the immortality for name cannot be acquired at will by any poet, the least that can be required of him, who is rationally in quest of it, is, to employ his utmost endeavours to deserve it, whether he obtain it or not. Plainly, if Mr. Southey can do no better than he has *done*, we care not how often he appears in a new quarto form; but if he *can*, we care not how seldom we see him; nay, we shall be satisfied if it be but once more—in his old age and ours—provided he then present to us a poem surpassing, in comparative worth, not only the five labours of the last eighteen years, but five more, during the advancing eighteen years, which, if he continue his present career, may be reasonably expected from so enterprising a knight-errant of the Muses.

After all, the immediate popularity of works of genius depends much on the fashion, manners, taste, and prejudices of the times—on things which are artificial, incidental, and perpetually changing; but enduring reputation can be secured only by the power of awakening sensibilities common to all men, though dormant in the multitude; and appealing to sympathies universal throughout society, in every stage, from the rudest barbarism to the most fastidious refinement. We might, perhaps, add, that it is almost indispensable to the success of a heroic poem, that it be a *national* one, celebrating an event well known, though far distant in time, and hallowed to the imagination of the poet's own countrymen by patriotic lessons, examples, and triumphs of constancy and valour. Mr. Southey's poems of this species are written in defiance of the fashion, manners, taste, and prejudices of the present times, and they have contained little that could conciliate them; consequently, it is no wonder that they have been less popular than the captivating romances of the Northern minstrel. On the other hand, though they do frequently awaken sensibilities common to all men, and appeal to sympathies universal through society; though they abound with adventures, marvellous and striking; with characters boldly original; with sentiments pure, and tender, and lofty; with descriptions rich, various, and natural; though in these they exhibit all the graces and novelties of a style peculiarly plastic, eloquent, and picturesque: yet, by an infelicity in the choice of subjects, they are addressed to readers, who have either a national antipathy against the burthen of them, as to the dishonour of their country in "Joan of

Arc;" an indifference to super-human exploits and sufferings, as in "Thalaba;" a horror of barbarity, as to the Mexican scenes of "Madoc;" a resolute incredulity of monstrous and unclassical mythology, as in "Kehama;" or an ignorance of the history, and unconcern for the fate of the heroes, as in many instances in "Roderick, the last of the Goths." The latter, indeed, is less objectionable in all these respects, than any of its predecessors, excepting the first part of "Madoc"—*Madoc in Wales*—where, if we are not greatly mistaken, both the poet and his readers are more happy, and more at home together, than in all their other travels besides, through real or imaginary worlds. Other requisites being equal, *that* poetry will assuredly be the most highly and permanently pleasing, which is the most easily understood; in which the whole meaning of the sentiments, the whole beauty of the language, the whole force of the allusions, in a word, the whole *impression* is made *at first, at once, and for ever*, on the reader's mind. This is not the case with any of Mr. Southey's epics. They are always accompanied by a long train of notes; and the worst evil attending them is, that they are really useful! It is hard enough to have to pay for half a volume of irrelevant, worthless notes, but it is much harder—a much greater discount from the value of the text, when the notes are worth the money, and constitute so essential a part of the book, that without them the poem would be a parable of paradoxes, obscure in itself, and rendered incomprehensible by its illustrations—the imagery and allusions—which ought to be its glory. Many parts of "Thalaba" and "Kehama" especially, without the notes, would be as insolvable as the Sphinx's riddle. These are relative defects in the subjects, which no art or power of the poet can supply, because the real defect is neither in the author, nor in the work, but in the mind of the readers, who want the information *previously* necessary to understand and enjoy what is submitted to them. That information comes too late in the notes, after the first feeling is gone by, for then it can do little more than render a puzzling passage intelligible—seldom impressive. Our author is undoubtedly aware of all these disadvantages; and he encounters them at his peril, with a gallantry more to be admired than recommended to imitation.

Mr. Southey's talents have been so long known, and so repeatedly canvassed, that we do not think it necessary to enter into any inquiry concerning their peculiar qualities, the purposes for which they are most happily adapted, nor their relative excellence when contrasted with those of his distinguished contemporaries. Nor will we, for our limits forbid it, attempt to compare Mr. Southey with himself; to try whether the splendid promise of his youth, in "Joan of Arc," has been progressively fulfilled

in his subsequent performances. His name will unquestionably go down to posterity with the most illustrious of the present age, and, probably, with the most illustrious of past ages, for we would fain hope, that the poem, by which he will "be for ever known," is not yet written—perhaps not yet meditated by him. If it be such a one as we have imagined, it must be either a national one, or one in which the whole race of man shall be equally and everlastingly interested. That he shall have the happiness to fix on a subject of the latter description, is more than we dare anticipate; but by choosing one of the former stamp, he may still rise far above his present rank among poets, for we are perfectly convinced, that whatever labour, or learning, or genius, he may lavish on strange or foreign themes, unless he select one that comes home to the bosoms of his countrymen, and expend on it his whole collected wealth of thought, splendour of imagination, and power of pathos, he will never maintain his station, either at home or abroad, with Homer, Virgil, Tasso, and Milton. British history presents a hero and a scene—we shall not name them—unequaled, for the purposes of verse, in the annals of man. This theme has been the hope of many a youthful bard, and the despair of many an older one. Like the "Enchanted Forest" in the "Jerusalem Delivered," hitherto all who have presumed to approach it, have been frightened away, or beaten back; and it is still reserved for some Rinaldo of song, perhaps *now* wasting his strength in outlandish adventures, to pierce its recesses, enfranchise its spirits, and rest under its laurels.

On closing the volume before us, we were struck with the idea—How differently should we have felt in reading this "Magic Poem," if the story had been British! How would every natural character have been endeared, every act of heroism exalted, every patriotic sentiment consecrated, in our esteem, by that circumstance! The day is past, when "Roderick, the last of the Goths," would have been hailed throughout this island, with kindred enthusiasm, for the sake of the country which gave him birth, and in which a spirit of courage to fight, and of fortitude to bear, equal to any thing here exhibited, has been realized in our own age; but for what—let the dungeons of the Inquisition tell us! The mind of a Briton revolts, with feelings of shame, indignation, and pity, unutterably mingled, at the recollection of the proudest battle-fields of his own countrymen in that land whose very name was wont to make his cheek flush more warmly, and his pulse beat more quickly, but which now sends the blood cold to the heart, and forces a sigh from the bosom on which the burthen of Spain lies heavy and deadening as an incubus. This poem, therefore, must rest solely on its own merits, and it needs no adventitious recommendation to place it high among the works that

reflect peculiar lustre on the present era of English poetry. Without pretending further to forbode its fate we shall briefly characterize it as the most regular, impassioned, and easily intelligible, of all the author's performances in this strain.

The main events of the fable may be sketched in a few sentences. Mr. Walter Scott's "Vision of Don Roderick" has made the name and infamy of the hero familiar to our countrymen. In the eighth century, the Moors were invited into Spain by Count Julian, a powerful courtier, in revenge for the violation of his daughter Florinda, by the king, Roderick. In the battle of Xeres, the invaders were completely triumphant, and Roderick having disappeared, leaving his armour and horse on the field, it was generally believed, that he was drowned in attempting to cross the river. Mr. Southey grounds the story of his poem on another tradition; that the king, in the disguise of a peasant, escaped; and with a monk named Romano, fled to a lonely promontory in Portugal, where they dwelt together a year. At the end of that time the monk died, and Roderick, who, in adversity, had become a penitent and a convert, finding solitude and inaction, with his feelings and remembrances, insupportable, returned into Spain, where, in the garb and character of a monk, following the course of providential circumstances, he assisted Pelayo, the next heir to his throne, in establishing an independent sovereignty amid the mountains of Asturias. At the battle of Covadonga, where the Moors were overthrown with an extent of ruin which they could never repair in that part of the Peninsula, Roderick, after performing miracles of valour, is at length recognised by Pelayo, and his old servants; but impatiently returning to the conflict, he carries terror and death wherever he moves, avenging his own and his country's wrongs, on the Moors, and the renegadoes that assisted them. At the conclusion he disappears as unaccountably as he had done at the battle of Xeres, leaving his horse and armour on the field as before.

It was a perilous undertaking of Mr. Southey to unsettle the prejudices so long and so inveterately held against Roderick's character, and to transform him from a remorseless tyrant, and a shameless ravisher, into a magnanimous patriot, and a self-denying saint; nor was it less bold, after his condemnation had been recently renewed, and his death irrevocably sealed by a brother bard, to revive and lead him out again into the field, not to recover his lost crown for himself, but to bestow it upon another. We think that in both attempts our author has succeeded. By the artful development of Roderick's former history, always in connection with the progress of his subsequent penitence, and disinterested exertions for the delivery of his country, we are gradually reconciled to all his conduct except the outrage done to Florinda;

and even that the poet attempts to mitigate almost into a venial offence—the sin of a mad moment, followed by instantaneous and unceasing compunction. After he had softened our hearts to pity in favour of the contrite sinner, he finds it easy to melt them to love, and exalt them to admiration of the saint and the hero. Roderick's character rises at every step, and grows more and more amiable, and interesting, and glorious, to the end, when he vanishes, like a being from the invisible world, who has been permitted, for a while, to walk the earth, mysteriously disguised, on a commission of wrath to triumphant tyrants, and of mercy to a perishing people.

Roderick's achievements in the first battle, wherein he was supposed to have fallen, his flight, remorse, despair, and penitential sorrow, are thus strikingly described in the first section.

“ Bravely in that eight-days' fight
 The king had striven—for victory first, while hope
 Remain'd, then desperately in search of death.
 The arrows past him by to right and left,
 The spear-point pierced him not, the scymitar
 Glanced from his helmet. Is the shield of Heaven,
 Wretch that I am, extended over me ?
 Cried Roderick ; and he dropt Orelia's reins,
 And threw his hands aloft in frantic prayer,—
 Death is the only mercy that I crave,
 Death soon and short, death and forgetfulness !
 Aloud he cried ; but in his inmost heart
 There answered him a secret voice, that spake
 Of righteousness and judgment after death,
 And God's redeeming love, which fain would save
 The guilty soul alive. 'Twas agony,
 And yet 'twas hope ; a momentary light,
 That flash'd through utter darkness on the Cross
 To point salvation, then left all within
 Dark as before. Fear, never felt till then,
 Sudden and irresistible as stroke
 Of lightning, smote him. From his horse he dropt,
 Whether with human impulse, or by Heaven
 Struck down, he knew not ; loosen'd from his wrist
 The sword chain, and let fall the sword, whose hilt
 Clung to his palm a moment ere it fell,
 Glued with Moorish gore. His royal robe,
 His horned helmet, and enamell'd mail,
 He cast aside, and taking from the dead
 A peasant's garment, in those weeds involved,
 Stole, like a thief in darkness, from the field.
 “ Evening closed round to favour him. All night
 He fled, the sound of battle in his ear

Ringing, and sights of death before his eyes,
 With dreams more horrible of eager fiends
 That seem'd to hover round, and gulfs of fire
 Opening beneath his feet. At times the groan
 Of some poor fugitive, who, bearing with him
 His mortal hurt, had fallen beside the way,
 Rous'd him from these dread visions, and he call'd
 In answering groans on his Redeemer's name,
 That word the only prayer that pass'd his lips,
 Or rose within his heart. Then would he see
 The cross whereon a bleeding Saviour hung,
 Who call'd on him to come and cleanse his soul
 In those all-healing streams, which from his wounds,
 As from perpetual springs, for ever flowed.
 No hart e'er panted for the water-brooks
 As Roderick thirsted there to drink and live:
 But Hell was interposed; and worse than Hell,
 Yea to his eyes more dreadful than the fiends
 Who flock'd like hungry ravens round his head,—
 Florinda stood between and warn'd him off
 With her abhorrent hands—that agony
 Still in her face, which, when the deed was done,
 Inflicted on her ravisher the curse
 That it invok'd from Heaven—Oh what a night
 Of waking horrors.”

On the eighth day of his flight he reaches a deserted monastery,
 where one monk only is waiting for release from the bondage of
 life by the sword of the enemy. At evening he was come to the
 gate to catch the earliest sight of the Moor, for “it seemed long
 to tarry for his crown.”

“Before the Cross

Roderick had thrown himself: his body raised,
 Half kneeling, half at length he lay; his arms
 Embraced its foot, and from his lifted face
 Tears streaming down bedew'd the senseless stone.
 He had not wept till now, and at the gush
 Of these first tears, it seem'd as if his heart,
 From a long winter's icy thrall let loose,
 Had open'd to the genial influences
 Of Heaven. In attitude, but not in act
 Of prayer he lay; an agony of tears
 Was all his soul could offer. When the Monk
 Beheld him suffering thus, he raised him up,
 And took him by the arm and led him in;
 And there before the altar, in the name
 Of Him whose bleeding image there was hung,

Spake comfort, and adjured him in that name
 There to lay down the burthen of his sins.
 Lo! said Romano, I am waiting here
 The coming of the Moors, that from their hands
 My spirit may receive the purple robe
 Of martyrdom, and rise to claim its crown.
 That God who willeth not the sinner's death
 Hath led thee hither. Three score years and five,
 Even from the hour when I, a five-year's child,
 Enter'd the schools, have I continued here
 And served the altar: not in all those years
 Hath such a contrite and a broken heart
 Appear'd before me. O my brother, Heaven
 Hath sent thee for thy comfort, and for mine,
 That my last earthly act may reconcile
 A sinner to his God."

Roderick confesses his name and his sins, and the monk determines to live a little longer for his sake. Accordingly, instead of waiting for martyrdom, he accompanies the royal fugitive on his way, as we have already seen.

In a work of imagination we never before met with an account of the awakening and conversion of a sinner more faithfully and awfully drawn—one might almost presume, *not* from reading, nor from hearing, but from experience. Had the name of Christ, and redemption in his blood, never been mentioned in the course of the narrative, but in connexion with such feelings and views of sin and its consequences as are contained in the foregoing extracts, and the immediate context, these pages should have had our cordial approbation, qualified only by a passing murmur of disgust at the circumstance of the monk, when they set out on their pilgrimage, taking with him our "Lady's image," and saying,

"In this * * *

We have our guide, and guard, and comforter,
 The best provision for our perilous way."

This circumstance, though perfectly in place and character, at once dispels the vision of glory, which before seemed to shine round the fallen penitent, and forces upon us the painful recollection, that it is only a picturesque fiction, not an affecting reality, with which the poet is beguiling our attention: while his not scrupling to mingle the false and degrading notions of a superstitious faith, with the genuine workings of a contrite heart, seems to imply the belief that both are alike the natural emotions of the mind, and may, as such, be employed with equal familiarity, for the pur-

poses of poetry. Roderick's piety, throughout the whole poem, while it sheds transcendent lustre on his deeds and sayings in every scene and situation, except when he is in his *heroic moods*, sometimes undergoes eclipses, which appear to change its very nature; and while he is thirsting for vengeance, or rioting in blood, its sanctity serves only to give a more terrific and sacrilegious ferocity to his purposes. Meek, humble, and equally magnanimous in action or suffering, as we generally find it, and disposed as we are at all times to love it, as pure and undefiled religion, we are the more shocked when we are compelled to shrink from it as a raving fanaticism. It is true, that when it is associated with violent and implacable emotions, they are emotions of patriotism, and the vengeance pursued by him, is vengeance against infidels, traitors, and usurpers. Be it so; but still let the patriot fight, and the avenger slay, in any name, except in the name of Him whose "kingdom is not of this world." We shall not enter further into the subject; we give this hint in consequence of the frequent allusions to converting grace, the blood of Christ, and the love of God, in the mouth of the hero. We have repeatedly shuddered at sentiments and expressions, which, under other circumstances, would have been music to our ears, and comfort to our hearts. This is a fault—for we cannot call it by a milder name—which we find, not as critics, but as christians. The things we condemn are quite consistent with the religious *costume* of the age, if we may so speak; but we think that the poet ought to have been more careful not to introduce them where they may give occasion of offence to the sincerely pious, and of mockery to the scorner. The fact is, that in order to reconcile the mind to the introduction of these sacred subjects, it is requisite that the author's purpose should approve itself to the reader as being of a high and ennobling character. His design as a poet must appear to be quite subordinate to, or rather wholly lost in, the desire of conveying a moral impression. His aim must seem to partake of the dignity of the theme, and his style comport with its reality.

With this single deduction we consider the character of Roderick as one of the most sublime and affecting creations of a poetic mind. The greatest drawback, however, from its effect is not a flaw in its excellence, but an original and incorrigible defect in the plot itself. Roderick, after spending twelve months in solitude and penance with the monk, returns, emaciated and changed in person and garb, into society, mingles with his own former courtiers, has interviews with Florinda, Julian, Pelayo, and others who have known him from a child, yet remains undiscovered to the last scene of the last act of the poem. All this while he gives no plausible account whence he came, or who he is in his assum-

ed character; he is a being of mystery, emanating from darkness, and haunting, like a spectre of the day-light, in which his bodily presence was but lately the joy of those eyes, that are now holden from distinguishing him, though sometimes his looks, his voice, or his gestures, trouble them like the images of a dream, that mock recollection, yet cannot be driven away from the thoughts. This awkward ignorance, though necessary for the conduct of the story, compels the reader, whenever it crosses him, to do violence to his own mind in order to give assent to it. Indeed, there is nothing in "Thalaba," or "Kehama," how marvellous soever, which, under the given circumstances, appears such a violation of probability as this; for even his dog and his horse recognise their master, before the mother her son, or the woman, who loved him to her own ruin and his, the destroyer of her peace.

We regret to be obliged to pass over the description of Roderick's frightful and self-consuming melancholy in the wilderness, after the death of the monk; his restless longings and delirious impulses to action; above all, the vision of his mother and his mother country, inspiring him to break loose from the captivity of retirement, and rush to their rescue. These are conceived in the author's noblest spirit, and executed in his happiest manner. That manner, it is well known, is exceedingly various, ascending and descending with his subject, through every gradation of style and sentiment, from the mean, dry, and prosaic, to the most florid, impassioned, or sublime. This is right in itself, but unfortunately, from the minute multiplicity of his details, Mr. Southey too often, and often for too long a time, tethers himself to the ground, and is creeping, walking, running, or fluttering, through brake and briar, over hill and dale, with hands, feet, wings, making way, as well as he can, instead of mounting aloft, and expatiating in the boundless freedom of the sky, amid light, and warmth, and air, with all the world—seas, mountains, forests, realms—beneath his eye.

In this poem the topographical notices are, perhaps, too numerous and particular; the customs, ceremonies, habits, religion, &c. of the age and people, are too obviously displayed. These, instead of giving more lively reality to the scenes through which we are led, continually remind us that we are *not* on the spot.

In his progress Roderick meets with a horrible adventure at Curia. This town had been destroyed, and its inhabitants massacred, by the Moors. One solitary human being, a female, survived, who is employed in the work of interring the bodies of her father, her mother, her husband, and her child, in one grave, over which Roderick helps her to heave huge stones to hide them from the day-light and the vultures. By this frenzied heroine he is inspired with a fury of vengeance, and they vow together to

attempt the deliverance of their country, the one by rousing, and the other by leading the oppressed natives to battle. When he will not reveal his name or condition to her, she calls him *Macca-bee*, after the Jewish patriot, and this appellation he retains till he is discovered in the last contest. This lady, in whom we expect to find a second Clorinda, or Britomartis, driven to insanity by her afflictions, appears again twice in the sequel animating the combatants, and taking a personal share in the perils of the fight; but after the mighty expectations raised by her interview with Roderick, and especially by her appalling narrative, which we have not room to transcribe, we were disappointed, though not grieved, that she is not more conspicuously engaged.

Of the other characters, Pelayo is the most eminent. The poem itself was at first announced in his name, but the author very properly substituted Roderick's, finding, no doubt, as his argument unfolded its hidden capabilities, that it was out of his power to elevate Pelayo into rivalry with so grand, striking, and original a personage, as "The Last of the Goths," near whom even "The Last of the Romans," would be a cold, repulsive being, steeled by philosophy, and suddenly yielding to irresistible fate. Pelayo is a dignified sufferer, and an able commander, who is rather borne on the tide of fortune to the highest honours, than the winner of them by his own counsel and enterprise. At the battle of Covadonga he utterly defeats the Moors, and becomes in consequence the founder of the Spanish monarchy. Part of the ceremony at his coronation we shall quote. The Primate Urban having consecrated the new sovereign, and wedded him to Spain, by putting a ring on his finger,

" Roderick brought

The buckler: eight for strength and stature chosen
 Came to their honour'd office: round the shield
 Standing, they lower it for the chieftain's feet,
 Then slowly raised upon their shoulders lift
 The steady weight. Erect Pelayo stands,
 And thrice he brandishes the shining sword,
 While Urban to the assembled people cries,
 Spaniards, behold your king! The multitude
 Then sent forth all their voice with glad acclaim,
 Raising the loud *Real*; thrice did the word
 Ring through the air, and echo from the walls
 Of Cangas. Far and wide the thundering shout,
 Rolling among reduplicating rocks,
 Peel'd o'er the hills, and up the mountain vales.
 The wild ass starting in the forest glade
 Ran to the covert; the affrighted wolf
 Skulk'd through the thicket, to a closer brake;

The sluggish bear, awaken'd in his den,
Roused up, and answer'd with a sullen growl,
Low-breathed and long; and at the uproar, scared,
'The brooding eagle from her nest took wing.'

Count Julian is a creature of more poetical elements. Proud, rash, choleric, implacable, an apostate from the faith, a traitor to his prince, suspected by the Moors, hated by the renegadoes his brethren, and dreaded by his countrymen, he excites terror, and awakens expectations of something great, whenever he appears.

Florinda, his daughter, the cause of all her country's miseries, and in her wrongs and sufferings, the prototype too, is beautifully imagined, and finely delineated; for though her maiden virtue is a little alloyed by a secret weakness, which makes her unconsciously the first cause of her own ruin, effected by Roderick in a paroxysm of hopeless passion, yet her penitence, her love, her humility, her devotion to any sorrow that may befall herself, and her restless, intense, and unremitting anxiety for the repose of the soul of him to whom her beauty had proved so sad a snare, give an inexpressible charm to her character. Her first appearance is as a suppliant, muffled, and cloaked, who, falling at the feet of Pelayo, asks of him "a boon in Roderick's name." He promises to grant it, and naturally inquires who she is.

"She bared her face, and, looking up, replied,
Florinda!—Shrinking then, with both her hands
She hid herself, and bow'd her head abased
Upon her knee—as one who, if the grave
Had open'd beneath her, would have thrown herself,
Even like a lover, in the arms of Death.
Pelayo stood confused; he had not seen
Count Julian's daughter since, in Roderick's court,
Glittering in beauty and in innocence,
A radiant vision, in her joy she moved:
More like a poet's dream, or form divine,
Heaven's prototype of perfect womanhood—
So lovely was the presence—than a thing
Of earth and perishable elements.
Now had he seen her in her winding sheet,
Less painful would that spectacle have proved:
For peace is with the dead, and piety
Bringeth a patient hope to those who mourn
O'er the departed: but this alter'd face,
Bearing its deadly sorrow character'd,
Came to him like a ghost, which in the grave
Could find no rest. He, taking her cold hand,
Raised her, and would have spoken; but his tongue
Fail'd in its office, and could only speak

In under tones compassionate her name.
 The voice of pity sooth'd and melted her;
 And when the prince bade her be comforted,
 Proffering his zealous aid in whatsoe'er
 Might please her to appoint, a feeble smile
 Past slowly over her pale countenance,
 Like moonlight on a marble statue. Heaven
 Requite thee, prince! she answer'd. All I ask
 Is but a quiet resting place, wherein
 A broken heart, in prayer and humble hope,
 May wait for its deliverance."

Of the other characters in this Epic Tragedy we need not particularly speak. Siverian, who has married Roderick's mother, is the principal one, and acts a suitable part.

The descriptive passages of this poem, are, perhaps, the most perfectly pleasing; and the mind of the reader, sick of carnage, tumult, and devastation, reposes gladly on these when they open with refreshing sweetness around him. Many are the pictures of moonlight by poets of every nation; a lovelier than the following was never presented. The allusion to the stars, which, few in number, and diminished to points, "on such a night," appear immeasurably further distant than when they shine through total darkness—the allusion to these, in connexion with their elevating influence, forms one of those rare and exquisite associations of natural imagery with moral sentiment, which constitute the essence of the purest poetry.

"How calmly gliding through the dark blue sky
 The midnight moon ascends! Her placid beams,
 Through thinly-scatter'd leaves and boughs grotesque,
 Mottle with mazy shades the orchard slope;
 Here, o'er the chesnut's fretted foliage gray,
 And massy, motionless they spread; here shine
 Upon the crags, deepening with blacker night
 Their chasms; and there the glittering argentry
 Ripples and glances on the confluent streams.
 A lovelier, purer light than that of day
 Rests on the hills; and oh, how awfully
 Into that deep and tranquil firmament
 The summits of Auseva rise serene!
 The watchman on the battlements partakes
 The stillness of the solemn hour; he feels
 The silence of the earth, the endless sound
 Of flowing waters soothes him, and the stars,
 Which in that brightest moonlight well nigh quench'd,
 Scarce visible, as in the utmost depth
 Of yonder sapphire infinite, are seen,

Draw on with elevating influence
 Toward eternity the attemper'd mind.
 Musing on worlds beyond the grave he stands,
 And to the Virgin Mother silently
 Breathes forth her hymn of praise."

We were startled, at the opening of the sixteenth section, by an address to the Virgin Mary, which, from the lips of Roderick, or Pelayo, might have been very well, but from a Protestant poet, in his own character, is intolerable, and what no license of his art, in our apprehension, will justify.

Much fault, no doubt, will be found with the conduct of the fable. We have no space left to anticipate what others may say, but for ourselves we freely confess, that the poem produced its strongest effects upon us rather at intervals, than in gradation. It abounds with dramatic scenes, which, in point of situation, grouping, character, and dialogue, may challenge any thing of the kind in English poetry. Among these we may particularize the meeting between Florinda and Roderick, when, as her confessor, she tells him all the secrets of her heart, unsuspected by him before; the first interview between Roderick in disguise, and his mother; the scene in which Florinda brings Roderick, still unknown to her, into the Moorish camp, and introduces him to her father, Count Julian. None of these, however, surpass in pathos or mystery the death of the latter, who, previously to the last battle, is basely stabbed by a Moor, and carried to a little chapel, dedicated to St. Peter, that he may die in peace. We have purposely omitted giving any extracts from the foregoing, because they ought to be read entire, and we wished to make a copious quotation here, as a fair specimen of the author's powers. Roderick, as father Maccabee, still unsuspected by Florinda and Count Julian, receives the confession and renunciation of errors, from the expiring apostate.

"The dying count

Then fix'd upon the Goth his earnest eyes.
 No time, said he, is this for bravery,
 As little for dissemblance. I would fain
 Die in the faith wherein my fathers died,
 Whereto they pledged me in mine infancy—
 A soldier's habits, he pursued, have steel'd
 My spirit, and perhaps I do not fear
 This passage as I ought. But if to feel
 That I have sinn'd, and from my soul renounce
 The impostor's faith, which never in that soul
 Obtain'd a place—if at the Saviour's feet,
 Laden with guilt, to cast myself and cry,

Lord, I believe! help thou my unbelief!—
 If this in the sincerity of death
 Sufficeth—father, let me from thy lips
 Receive the assurances with which the church
 Doth bless the dying christian.

“ Roderick raised

His eyes to Heaven, and crossing on his breast
 His open palms, Mysterious are thy ways
 And merciful, O gracious Lord! he cried,
 Who to this end hast thus been pleased to lead
 My wandering steps! O Father, this thy son
 Hath sinn'd and gone astray; but hast not Thou
 Said when the sinner from his evil ways
 Turneth, that he shall save his soul alive,
 And Angels at the sight rejoice in Heaven!
 Therefore do I, in thy most holy name,
 Into thy family receive again
 Him who was lost, and in that name absolve
 The penitent.—So saying, on the head
 Of Julian solemnly he laid his hands.
 Then to the altar tremblingly he turn'd,
 And took the bread, and breaking it, pursued,
 Julian! receive from me the bread of life!
 In silence reverently the Count partook
 The reconciling rite, and to his lips
 Roderick then held the consecrated cup.
 Me too! exclaim'd Florinda, who till then
 Had listen'd speechlessly: Thou man of God,
 I also must partake! The Lord hath heard
 My prayers! one sacrament—one hour—one grave—
 One resurrection!

That dread office done,
 Count Julian in amazement saw the priest
 Kneel down before him. By the sacrament
 Which we have here partaken, Roderick cried,
 In this most awful moment, by that hope,
 That holy faith which comforts thee in death,
 Grant thy forgiveness, Julian, ere thou diest!
 Behold the man who most hath injured thee!
 Roderick, the wretched Goth, the guilty cause
 Of all thy guilt—the unworthy instrument
 Of thy redemption—kneels before thee here,
 And prays to be forgiven!

Roderick! exclaim'd
 The dying Count—Roderick!—and from the floor
 With violent effort half he raised himself;
 The spear hung heavy in his side, and pain

And weakness overcame him, that he fell
 Back on his daughter's lap. O Death, cried he, . . .
 Passing his hand across his cold damp brow, . . .
 Thou tamest the strongest limb, and conquerest
 The stubborn heart ! But yesterday I said
 One heaven could not contain mine enemy
 And me ; and now I lift my dying voice
 To say, Forgive me Lord, as I forgive
 Him who hath done the wrong ! . . He closed his eyes
 A moment : then with sudden impulse cried, . . .
 Roderick, thy wife is dead, . . the Church hath power
 To free thee from thy vows, . . the broken heart
 Might yet be heal'd, the wrong redress'd, the throne
 Rebuilt by that same hand which pull'd it down,
 And these curst Africans....Oh for a month
 Of that waste life which millions misbestow ! . . .
 His voice was passionate, and in his eye
 With glowing animation while he spake
 The vehement spirit shone : its effort soon
 Was past, and painfully with feeble breath
 In slow and difficult utterance he pursued,
 Vain hope, if all the evil was ordained,
 And this wide wreck the will and work of Heaven,
 We but the poor occasion ! Death will make
 All clear, and joining us in better worlds,
 Complete our union there ! Do for me now
 One friendly office more : draw forth the spear
 And free me from this pain !...Receive his soul,
 Saviour ! exclaimed the Goth, as he performed
 The fatal service. Julian cried, O friend !—
 True friend !—and gave to him his dying hand.
 Then said he to Florinda, I go first,
 Thou followest ! kiss me, child ! . . and now good night !
 When from her father's body she arose,
 Her cheek was flush'd, and in her eyes there beam'd
 A wilder brightness. On the Goth she gazed,
 While underneath the emotions of that hour
 Exhausted life gave way. O God ! she said,
 Lifting her hands, thou hast restored me all, . . .
 All . . in one hour !...and round his neck she threw
 Her arms, and cried, My Roderick ! mine in Heaven !
 Groaning, he claspt her close, and in that act
 And agony her happy spirit fled.'

Laura: or an Anthology of Sonnets, with a Preface and Notes, in Five Volumes. By Capel Lofft. 12mo.

[From the British Critic.]

“BEEF,”* said an alderman of ancient days, (when such sagacious personages were accustomed to talk upon those subjects only which they understood;) “beef is the king of meat: beef comprehends in it the quintessence of partridge and quail, and venison and pheasant, and plumb-pudding and custard.” By a parity of comprehensive power the majesty of the epic, the dignity of the didactic, the fire of the lyric, the pungency of the satire, the elegance of the pastoral, and the pathos of the elegy are all united according to our author’s opinion in that surloin of poetical gourmandry, the SONNET. No moral too grave, no metaphysics too abstruse, no ceremony too formal, and no freedom too familiar for the corps *de la Sonet* of Capel Lofft. “For the law of wit and the liberty, these are the only men.” With Polonius our readers are sufficiently acquainted—let us now introduce them to Mr Lofft. “THE SUBJECT of the SONNET may be said to be universal: and its style and manner has been properly coëxtensive to its subject.

“The SUBJECTS to which, however, it is most peculiarly applicable, are all that is most endearing, most interesting, most beautiful, excellent, and sublime. The tenderest, purest, most generous feelings of love and friendship, all the charities of *private* life, all the virtues, whether individual or social, at home or abroad, in peace or war. The noblest points of *Natural* and of *Moral* philosophy; the most just and exalted sentiments of piety. All that the illustrious Hartly (the Newton of metaphysics) has compris’d under those great and leading sources of *Association* on which our knowledge, virtue, and happiness depend. There will be found SONNETS in this collection which, with the most pure and concentrated energy, have risen to the perfection of the moral sublime. There will be found which expand into the most ample and highest views of *patriotism* and universal philanthropy, of nature, of ideal beauty, of the perfection of the deity. And the force of the example has been such, and has been for ages so accumulated—the form of the composition itself is such—that any thing vitious, irrational, or low is as unlikely to make its way into it as into the epic itself.

“Estimated, therefore, by its excellence of every kind, and not merely by its difficulty of composition, the *paradoxical* remark of the penetrating and severe Boileau will scarcely appear excessive, that a perfect sonnet is equal to an epic poem.” P. 57.

* Vide Tale of a Tub.

Now, this is all within the confines of credibility: we have often heard of an Iliad in a nut's shell, nor did we ever, for a moment, doubt the fact; the only puzzle was how to introduce it.—Mr. Lofft's ingenuity will most mathematically solve the problem. The Iliad is equal to an epic, and an epic to a sonnet: and a sonnet, we allow, like a maggot, may find its way into a nut's shell, why not therefore the Iliad? The rage for folios and large paper copies will doubtless be diminished when, by so ingenious a method of concentration the Iliad and the Odyssey, the Æneid and the Pharsalia may be served up in a bunch of filberts. But we have ascended in the air balloon of our imagination to a sufficient height in the region of the sublime, let us now descend with our laureat Sibyl a few steps into the bathos.

“But for the *proper* subject for which *speech* and *writing* exist, there is in a manner *none* to which the SONNET has not on some occasions and in some period been applied. Inscriptions, familiar letters, and notes: even formal applications for patents and grants, an instance of which will be seen in the appendix to this preface.” Pref. p. 56.

This is a refinement indeed, which imperial luxury never dreamt of. Instead of the disgusting familiarity of “dear Harry” or “dear Jack” we shall now have a note of appointment to meet in the Park, or to dine at the Bedford, beginning in the Della Crusca strain of “Harry, whose sympathetic soul endears,” and instead of the barbarous brevity of “Lady —— at home,” we shall find our invitation cards to routs and dinners conveyed in regularly-formed sonnets printed for such occasions, with blanks left for the names and the day. An application to the minister for a grant or a place must be surely irresistible which comes in so delicate a shape and in so concise a form; so that poets and placemen will henceforward be synonymous terms. The region of patents has already been adorned with the flowers of poetic fancy, and Packwood razor strops, in anticipation as it were, of Mr. Lofft, have been advertised in Petrarchan strains. Could Sibly's reanimating solar tincture be more powerfully recommended than in a sonnet to the Sun, or the *gutta salutaris* more characteristically described than in “Queen of the silver bow.”

Let us now proceed to the author's definition of the sonnet.

“Having said thus much of the *name* of this publication, I wish to speak more in the detail of that *Genus* of *Poetry* of which it is composed—Sonnets and quatuorzains.

“These agree in one *general* character: that of being poems limited to *fourteen* lines. In every other which has respect to their *form* they are essentially different.

“The sonnet is a *perfect lyric composition* : consisting of a poematum, or small poem, of a determinate length, divided into two systems: the one of eight, the other of six verses : the major system consisting of a double quadernario, or *Quatriain*, of two rhimes twice repeated in each division ; the minor of a double *terzino*, ternary, or *terzette*, *intwoven* by having one line in each of its divisions which has a correspondent line rhyming to it in the other.

“Such is the sonnet in its *strict* form ; as composed by Guittone D'Arezzo, Cino da Pistoja, Buonaccorso da Montemagno, Giusto de' Conti, Petrarca, Veronica Gambarà, Dante, the Tasso's, Sannazaro, Vittoria Colonna, Leonardo da Vinci, Michel Angelo, and other distinguished Successors.—Such it is as introduc'd into our Language by Spenser, Sidney, and Milton: and continued in our days by Mrs. Charlotte Smith in some exquisite Examples, Edwards, Gray, Mason, Watson, Warton, Mrs. Robinson, and Henry Kirke White. In this enumeration I purposely confine myself to the dead, though in the *Selection* itself I have drawn my Materials from many *living* Authors, whom Posterity will not forget. But let those who affect to laugh at *Sonnetcers* and despise this whole *Class* of Authors as unworthy of the name of *Poets*, learn a little *whom* and *what* it is that they despise. Perhaps they may blush at the mere sight of a List which includes Names which they cannot be wholly ignorant stand in the *first order* of human Excellence.

“I have not mentioned Shakspeare as an author of the strict sonnet ; because his poems (except one or two, and those scarcely perfect in the form,) are rather reducible under the class of quatuorzains than of strict sonnets.

“And even those of Spenser, as we shall see hereafter, are Sonnets of the 2d or imperfect Order : which although beautiful in *Rhythm* and exceedingly so in Sentiment and Imagery, are not conform'd to the perfect Guidonian and Petrarchan Model.

“From this Account two circumstances are naturally, as I think, deducible : one, that the Sonnet has a close *Analogy* to the regular Grecian Ode with its *major* and *minor*, its *odic* and *epodic* System, its *Strophe* and *Antistrophe* ; the other, that besides this it has another yet more particular and more curious Analogy to Music.” Pref. P. 3.

We profess much too high a veneration for Mr. Lofft's universal *menstruum*, the sonnet, to be alarmed at his anathema ; we will take the liberty however of examining its claims to Grecian derivation. Mr. L. in another part conceives that the Grecian ode with its strophe, antistrophe, and epode, favoured the introduction of its peculiar structure ; although Crescembini, with more wisdom, doubts the probability of such an opinion. What analogy can exist between the lyrical irregularity of the strophe, with its correspondent antistrophe, and the eight regular Iambic lines of the first system of the sonnet, or between the epode, and six similar and equal lines in the second system, it is beyond our power of fancy to conceive. Not content, however, with this analogy, as

he facetiously terms it, he proceeds to a further exercise of his reader's powers of comprehension, in discovering its analogy also to music.

On the rhythmical combination of the sonnet our author is more clear in his ideas, and more happy in his expressions. It will afford the reader much satisfaction, however, to know that all the *possible* variations of the positions of the rhymes in which he may indulge amount in the first system to 408320 and in the second to 740. But of these Mr. Lofft observes "the greater part are either coincident or excluded. In consequence of which the number of species generally in use is only 106, of the regular 52, of the irregular 54. We shall not weary the patience of our readers by carrying him through all the *a. b. c. d.* tables of combinations and permutations in the rhymes of 14 lines, but shall hasten to the work itself; which consists of ONE THOUSAND sonnets in various languages. It is amusing, however, to hear Mr. Lofft making apologies for so small a number of these *petits morceaux*, and assuring the reader that his larder is not exhausted.

"If it is imagined because these Sonnets are divided into *ten Centenaries* that I had difficulty to make up the Number; this is a great Error which the *Appendix* will of itself refute. I flatter myself there are *few* indeed which *ought* to have been omitted. And I am sure that there are many which, if possible, *ought* to have been *inserted*. These *Poetic Spirits* have surrounded me in the form of *Sonnets*, as *Charon* is said by the *Poet* to be surrounded by the *Shades* pressing for a *passage*. I have had the same embarrassment of Choice; and great unwillingness of Rejection.

"Navita sed tristis nunc hos, nunc accipit illos;
Ast alios longè submotos arcet arenâ.

"Now these, now those he singles from the train;
While others he declines, left on the dreary Plain." P. 254.

The one thousand and one of the Arabian nights, are quite lost in the profusion of our author, who has not only given us his ten complete Centenaries of sonnets, but an Appendix at the head, containing about a hundred, and a *Corona* at the tail consisting of sixteen more, beside a *Finale*. Of these many are originals of the best Italian poets, to which are attached translations, generally by the hand of Mr. Lofft. Of these we cannot speak in terms of uniform approbation, the versions being much too luxuriant, and abounding with those misconceptions of the meaning of the original, which we should not have expected from Mr. Lofft.

The following magnificent and spirited apostrophe of Alfieri to Rome cannot fail of engaging the attention of the reader.

D'ALFIERI.

ROMA.

“ VUOTA insalubre Region, the Stato
 Va te nomando; aridi Campi incolti:
 Squalidi, muti, estenuati volti
 Di Popol reo, codardo, intanguinato!
 Impotente, non libero, Senato
 De astuti vil' in folgid' ostro avvrolti:
 Ricchi Patrizii, & più che ricchi stolti:
 nce, che fa schiochezza d' altrui beato!”

2.

“ Citta, non Cittadini: augusti Tempii;
 Religion non gia: legge che ingiuste
 Ogni luttro cangiar vede, ma in peggio:
 Chiavi che compre un dì, schiudiuono agl' Empii
 Del Ciel le porte; or per età vetuste:
 Non sei tu, ROMA, d' ogni vizio il seggio?”

Now for a little Alfieri and water—

TRANSLATION.

TO ROME.

“ UNHEALTHY Land! that call'st thyself a state;
 Void, desolate! Plains barren and untill'd!
 Mute spectress of a race: whose looks are fill'd
 With guilt, base fears, fierce and ensanguin'd hate!
 A senate, nor to act nor to debate,
 Vile paltry Craft in splendid purple veil'd!
 Patritians of a Folly less conceal'd
 Than their vain Wealth! a Princee, imagin'd Great;”

2.

“ By Superstition hallow'd! City proud
 Who hast no Citizens! Temples august,
 Without Religion! Laws, corrupt, unjust,
 From age to age proceeding still to worse.
 Keys (as thou saidst) to which Heavn's Portals bow'd
 For impious Men—Ah ROME, the seat of every curse.”

25 Aug. 1805. C. L.

We do admire the diluent powers of Mr. Lofft, and the happy metamorphose of the champagne of Alfieri into the sober *goose-berry* of our translator—we will not violate the dignity of the ori-

ginal by exposing the miserable weaknesses, errors, and omissions of the translator.

In some instances, however, Mr. Lofft is more happy; the following is, perhaps, among the most favourable specimens of his translations.

TRANSLATION FROM PETRARCH.

(ELEGIAC.)

“DEATH, Thou the World without a Sun hast left,
Cold, dark, and cheerless; Love disarm'd and blind:
Beauty of Charms, and Grace of Power bereft;
And leav'st me only my afflicted Mind:

2.

“See captive Truth and virgin softness fade!
I grieve alone; nor only ought to grieve;
Since Virtue's fairest Flower thy spoil is made.
The prime Worth lost what second can retrieve?

3.

“Let Earth, Air, Sea, their common Woes bemoan:
Mankind lament; which, now its boast is flown.
A gemless ring, a flowerless mead appears:
The world possest nor knew its treasure's pride:
I knew it well, who here in grief abide!
And Heaven which gains such beauty from my tears.

C. L.”

We now proceed to consider the numerous original sonnets in our own language, with which we are presented in these volumes. —The names of Spenser, Milton, Shakspeare, and Gray, appear among the best of the contributors, after whom appear as the *Dii minorum gentium*, C. Smith, Bowles, Roscoe, White, Collyer, and Co. Some few of these are exceedingly pretty, others mistaken and awkward: some deadly dull, others vivaciously absurd. Our readers will naturally anticipate that Mr. Lofft has not forgotten himself in so large a collection; his own, perhaps, as they are the most numerous, so are they the most amusing of the whole. We had some half dozen in honour of Mr. Fox, who appears the chief object of our author's adoration, and we must confess that the offering is worthy of the divinity. In addition to these panegyrics upon the patriot, we find two (at least) upon a terrier of the same name.

“ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF A FAVOURITE TERRIER
WHO STRAYED TO TROSTON.

X MARCH : MDCCXCVI.

“FOX! to whose lot hath fall'n a favourite Name,
A Name to social Worth and Freedom dear,
Shall not this day's return some memory claim
Which thee, with all thy woes and cares, left here?
Much hadst thou suffer'd in thy youthful prime;
And man had been thy foe worse than to others time.

2.

“Thy cares, thy fears, are gone! . . . and never more
May they return upon thy gentle head:
Nor food and shelter thy faint eye implore
Doubtful; nor chill thy trembling limbs be spread
In agony and dread from hopeless flight
As when thy quivering life here caught the pitying sight.

3.

“Of Her who still protects thee! . . . Taxes come
Unkind to thee and thy deserving Race!
Of Dogs or Men Pitt little heeds the doom.
But thee no tax nor aught more dire displace.
E'en should invasion come, safe be thou still!
And none do ill to thee who dost to nothing ill.

10 Mar. 1797. C. L.”

Mr. Lofft appears to have taken his terrier's example, and to have strayed a little out of his metre; it is however most satisfactory to find that “Fox has deserved, and continues (17 Sept. 1805) to deserve” so well of his poetical master. We would, however, prepare the reader for a most severe and afflicting event, which has befallen this aforesaid little amiable terrier.

“FOX, Thou with me ten Years this Day hast spent:
Years which to me have brought much joy, much pain;
But when of Anguish most severe the reign
Thy mute Affection its mild comfort lent.
Thee to this sheltering Roof a Spirit sent
Kind to us both!—nought happens here in vain:
And Causes which our Thoughts can least explain,
Small in appearance, teem with great Event.

2.

“The day which brought thee hither, has to me
Been fraught with Cares and Blessings of high Cast
May those cares teach my mind; those Blessings last

And mayst thou long my walk's * Companion be!
 Who in ten years with me hast trackt a space
 That might half Earth's Circumference embrace.† C. L."

This we consider as the most exquisite specimen of the pathos which we have met with even in the Della Crusca school; it is a fact, indeed, worthy of being recorded in the annals of pedestrianism, that the puppy and his master, (however studious and occupied,) have in their joint perambulations tracked a space equal to the circumference of the earth. Much as we sympathize with our author's tender feelings upon this melancholy subject, we cannot but congratulate Fox upon his apotheosis in the poetical heaven. Wherever, indeed, we turn ourselves among our modern bards, *hylax in limine latrat*, a sort of canine philanthropy (the perversion of ideas will excuse the perversion of terms) appears to have seized the poets of the age; puppies are the order of the day, from the Newfoundland of Lord Byron, to the terrier of Capel Lofft. The thousandth of this exquisite collection is inscribed to "my original Bar-gown," and, as the author informs us, was written in the Nisi Prius Court of Bury, at the Spring Assizes. We should have allowed to this idea the claims of originality had we not remembered "my Night-gown and Slippers" of our good friend G. Colman, which has often made us smile, (we trust that Mr. L. will excuse our preference,) even in a greater degree than the Bar-gown of our author.

From all that we have said upon these volumes, we fear that Mr. Lofft will have but a very bad opinion of our taste, and will conceive that the "undulating sonnet's graceful sound," (as he terms it,) is entirely lost upon our barbarous and uncultivated ears. We can, however, assure him, that to the name of Petrarca we bow with a devotion as strong as that which animates the breast of Mr. Lofft. But while we admire and venerate the genius and powers of this magnificent poet, we cannot but lament that even he has indulged in too frequent an imitation of his predecessors, the Provençal poets. Wherever he has followed the dictates of his own imagination and taste, his sonnets approach nearest to perfection; wherever, in compliance with the prejudice either of his own education, or of the age in which he lived, he has copied the style of the Troubadours, the harshness and conceit of his models have arrested and broken the stream of his native genius. But if, by an ill-judged imitation of his predecessors, Petrarca has thrown a shade over the brilliancy of his

* "This wish has been unavailing. On the 25th April, I lost this most sensible, affectionate, and constant companion; shot, or some way murder'd, I have little doubt, by some malignant and cruel villain. C. L."

† "On an average, Fox cannot have walkt less with me (studious and occupied though I am) than 10 or 12,000 miles. C. L."

own poetry, not less has he in return been disgraced by the miserable mimicry of modern sonnetteers, who conceive that the flowers of Italian poetry are but an anomalous bundle of harsh *concelli*, whining sentimentality, and harmonious nonsense. The best modern poets of Italy itself have generally avoided this fatal misconception, and have adopted a manliness of style, which is of itself the severest satire upon those ill-judging pedants, who propose to themselves the Italian poets of the fourteenth and fifteenth century as models of imitation.

Algarotti, that universal genius, who united the most discriminating taste to the most profound knowledge of Italian literature, and displayed in his own poetry the judgment which he so successfully displayed in his criticisms upon others, has reprehended with much severity the pedantry of those who have so industriously copied the errors and conceits of Petrarca, and appear happy to partake in his failings rather than in his fire. To substitute affected expressions, overstrained conceits, and unmeaning ornament, in the place of manly vigour, native brilliancy, and unalloyed elegance, is to throw into circulation a species of false coin, which is never adopted but as a last resource, and is never introduced but when the real specie can be no longer supplied. We shall not say that all the English sonnets in this vast collection are subjected to this censure; some indeed are written in the best taste, and according to the truest models of the Italian school; but we can fairly assert, that it would have been as well, if by far the greatest proportion of the whole had not been written, and better if they had not been published.

Notwithstanding, however, all their faults, these volumes are not without considerable merit. Mr. Lofft has evidently paid the greatest attention to this department of literature, and is a man of much scholarship and information. Many parts of his preface are both useful and good; and with his short biographical memoirs of those who have excelled in this species of composition, we were highly gratified. We know of no author who has collected so much information within so small a compass. Had Mr. Lofft contented himself with two volumes instead of five, and reduced his centenaries to one third of their number, giving us two hundred of the finest specimens of the Italian sonnet, and dividing the remainder between the finest translations and the best original sonnets in the English language, (omitting his own;) had he reduced his preface also to one third of its present compass, and cropped all its adscititious flowers which contribute neither to its ornament nor to its utility, the publication before us would have had as fair claims to the attention of the public as any which we could name in this neglected department of literature. Mr. Lofft complains of the ridicule and contempt with which the school of

the Italian sonnet has been so universally treated. There are very few, we confess, who have learning enough either to understand or appreciate its real beauties; while there are many who have taste enough to feel disgust at the pedantic affectation and frivolous absurdity of its pretended patrons. The SONNET has suffered far more from its friends than its enemies.

We cannot conclude this article without noticing the elegant and sentimental title which Mr. L. has affixed to his work, LAURA, and the reasons which he assigns for its adoption.

“I have nam'd the Selection LAURA: in affectionate and respectful remembrance of Petrarch, and of that *mysterious* Passion to which we owe that the Sonnet has such celebrity; and to which, in a great measure, we are indebted for the Taste and Refinement form'd and diffus'd by his delicate and cultivated Genius, by whose peculiar amenity, purity, tenderness, calm and graceful elevation, the *Style*, the *Poetry*, the *Sentiments* and the *Manners* of ITALY, and progressively of EUROPE, have been so happily influenc'd.

“A farther Consideration had its share in determining the Choice of the *Name*: which is, that many Female Poets have grac'd this elegant Department of Poetry: many of whose beautiful productions will be found in these volumes.” Vol. I. Pref. P. ii.

Happy are Petrarca and Mr. Lofft in their several LAURAS. Our author and his mysterious mistress *we* also shall bear in affectionate and respectful remembrance, taking leave of him in the words of Mercutio;

“O flesh! flesh! how art thou fishified. Now is he for the numbers that Petrarch flow'd in.—LAURA to his lady was but a kitchen wench: marry, she had a better love to be-rhime her.”

ORIGINAL.

BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIR OF DAVID RAMSAY, M. D.

[Communicated for the *Analectic Magazine*.]

DAVID RAMSAY was born in Lancaster county, Pennsylvania, on the 2d day of April, 1749. He was the youngest child of James Ramsay, a respectable farmer, who had emigrated from Ireland at an early age, and by the cultivation of his farm, with his own hands, provided the means of subsistence and education for a numerous family. He was a man of intelligence and piety, and early sowed the seeds of knowledge and religion in the minds of his children. He lived to reap the fruit of his labours, and to see his offspring grow up around him, ornaments of society, and props of his declining years. The early impressions which the care of this excellent parent made on the mind of Dr. Ramsay, were never erased, either by the progress of time, the bustle of business, or the cares of the world. He constantly entertained and expressed the highest veneration for the sacred volume, and in his last will, written by his own hand five months before his death, when committing his soul to his maker, he takes occasion to call the bible "the best of books." It was connected with all his tenderest recollections; it had been the companion of his childhood, and, through his whole life, his guide, and friend, and comforter. He always cherished the fondest attachment for the place of his nativity, and dwelt with peculiar pleasure on the little incidents of his childhood. Dr. Ramsay had the misfortune to lose an amiable and excellent mother very early in life, but that loss was in some measure repaired by his father, who took uncommon pains to give him the best education that could be then obtained in this country. It is somewhat extraordinary, that a man in such circumstances as his father then was, should so far depart from the ordinary practice of persons in his condition of life, as to give to each of his three

sons a liberal education, instead of employing them in the usual offices of husbandry. But this worthy and pious parent reflected, with Lord Bacon, that knowledge is power, and that in giving his children wisdom, he gave them an invaluable patrimony; he accordingly put each of his sons successively, first to an English school, then to a classical seminary, and from thence removed them to Princeton College, where they all received the honours of that institution. William, his eldest, became a respectable minister of the gospel; Nathaniel, who still lives, and is settled in Baltimore, was bred a lawyer; and David directed his attention to the study of physic. We have, from the very best sources, been able to collect some singular circumstances relative to the early life of Dr. Ramsay: He was, from his infancy, remarkable for his attachment to books, and for the rapid progress he made in acquiring knowledge. At six years of age he read the bible with facility, and, it is said, was peculiarly delighted with the historical parts of it. When placed at a grammar school, his progress was very remarkable. It was no uncommon thing, says a gentleman who knew him intimately at that time, to see students who had almost arrived at manhood, taking the child upon their knees in order to obtain his assistance in the construction and explanation of difficult passages in their lessons. Before Dr. Ramsay was twelve years of age he had read, more than once, all the classics usually studied at grammar schools, and was, in every respect, qualified for admission into college; but being thought too young for collegiate studies, he accepted the place of assistant tutor in a reputable academy in Carlisle, and, notwithstanding his tender years, acquitted himself to the admiration of every one. He continued upward of a year in this situation, and then went to Princeton. On his examination he was found qualified for admission into the junior class; but in consequence of his extreme youth, the faculty advised him to enter as a sophomore, which he did, and having passed through college with high reputation, he took the degree of Bachelor of Arts in the year 1765, being then only sixteen years of age. What an interesting picture is presented by the youth of Dr. Ramsay! That a child but twelve years of age should have made such progress in learning, and, what is more remarkable, that he should have been a teacher of a public school, ap-

pears almost incredible. With what peculiar emotions must every one have beheld this little prodigy seated on the knee, not to be amused with a toy, but to instruct full grown men.

Having completed the usual college course at sixteen, he was enabled to devote some time to the general cultivation of his mind before he commenced the study of physic, and he spent nearly two years in Maryland, as a private tutor in a respectable family, devoting himself to books, and enriching his mind with stores of useful knowledge.

He then commenced the study of physic under the direction of Dr. Bond, in Philadelphia, where he regularly attended the lectures delivered at the College of Pennsylvania, the parent of that celebrated medical school which has since become so distinguished. Dr. Rush was then professor of chemistry in that college, and this led to a friendship between Dr. Rush, the able and accomplished master, and Ramsay, the ready, ingenious, and attentive student, that was fondly cherished by both, and continued to strengthen and increase to the latest moment of their lives. For Dr. Rush young Ramsay felt a filial affection; he regarded him as a benefactor, while he entertained the highest veneration for his talents. He never had any hesitation in declaring himself an advocate of the principles introduced by Dr. Rush in the theory and practice of medicine; and in his eulogium on Dr. Rush, a last public tribute of respect to the memory of his lamented friend, he declares, that "his own experience had been uniformly in their favour ever since they were promulgated," and adds a declaration, that, in his "opinion, Dr. Rush had done more to improve the theory and practice of medicine than any one physician, either living or dead." It appears from a letter written by Dr. Rush, on the 15th of September, 1773, on the occasion of the removal of Dr. Ramsay to Charleston, that he was graduated Bachelor of Physic, a degree at that time uniformly conferred, early in the year 1772,* and immediately commenced the prac-

* In Kingston's "American Biographic Dictionary," it is very incorrectly stated that Dr. Ramsay experienced some opposition in obtaining his medical degree, and being advised to study one year longer, he "then obtained his diploma with universal consent, entirely eclipsing all his fellow students." It is believed that no opposition was ever experienced by him, and that he received his degree at his first application with "great eclat."

tice of physic at the "*Head of the Bohemia*," in Maryland, where he continued to practise with much reputation for about a year, when he removed to Charleston. The letter to which we have just alluded, affords the only information we have been able to collect of Dr. Ramsay at this early period of his life. Dr. Rush, after stating that he would recommend Dr. Ramsay to fill the opening which then existed in Charleston, thus proceeds:—"Dr. Ramsay studied physic regularly with Dr. Bond, attended the hospital, and public lectures of medicine, and afterwards graduated Bachelor of Physic, with great eclat; it is saying but little of him to tell you, that he is far superior to any person we ever graduated at our college; his abilities are not only good, but great; his talents and knowledge universal; I never saw so much strength of memory and imagination, united to so fine a judgment. His manners are polished and agreeable—his conversation lively, and his behaviour, to all men, always without offence. Joined to all these, he is sound in his principles, strict, nay more, severe in his morals, and attached, not by education only, but by principle, to the dissenting interest. He will be an acquisition to your society. He writes—talks—and what is more, lives well. I can promise more for him, in every thing, than I could for myself."

Such was the character of Dr. Ramsay at the commencement of his career in life.

On settling in Charleston, he rapidly rose to eminence in his profession and general respect. His talents, his habits of business, and uncommon industry, eminently qualified him for an active part in public affairs, and induced his fellow-citizens to call upon him, on all occasions, when any thing was to be done for the common welfare. In our revolutionary struggle he was a decided and active friend of his country, and of freedom, and was one of the earliest and most zealous advocates of American Independence. His ardent imagination led him to anticipate the most delightful results, from the natural progress of the human mind when it should be freed from the shackles imposed on it by the oppressions, the forms, and the corruptions of monarchy and aristocracy.

On the 4th of July, 1778, he was appointed to deliver an oration before the inhabitants of Charleston. The event of the contest was yet doubtful; some dark and portentous clouds still hung

about our political horizon, threatening, in gloomy terror, to blast the hopes of the patriot ; the opinions of many were poised between the settled advantages of a monarchical government, and the untried blessings of a republic. But the mind of David Ramsay was never known to waver ; and in this oration, the first ever delivered in the United States on the anniversary of American independence, he boldly declares, that "our present form of government is every way preferable to the royal one we have lately renounced." In establishing this position he takes a glowing view of the natural tendency of republican forms of government, to promote knowledge, to call into exercise the active energies of the human soul—to bring forward modest merit—to destroy luxury, and establish simplicity in the manners and habits of the people, and, finally, to promote the cause of virtue and religion.

In every period of the war Dr. Ramsay wrote and spoke boldly, and constantly ; and by his personal exertions in the legislature, and in the field, was very serviceable to the cause of American liberty. The fugitive pieces written by him, from the commencement of that struggle, were not thought by himself of sufficient importance to be preserved ; yet it is well known to his contemporaries, that on political topics, no man wrote more or better than Dr. Ramsay in all the public journals of the day.*

For a short period he was with the army as a surgeon, and he

* A political piece, written by him at this period, entitled "A Sermon on Tea," has been mentioned with great commendations, and excited much attention at the time. It abounded with the finest strokes of satire. The text is taken from the Epistle of Paul to the Colossians, 2d chapter, 21st verse, "Touch not, taste not, handle not." The whole discourse was a happy appeal to the feelings of a people who associated with the use of tea the idea of every evil. The writer very ludicrously represents Lord North holding forth chains and halters in one hand, and in the other a cup of tea, while the genius of America exclaims, with a warning voice, "touch not, taste not, handle not, for in the day that thou drinkest thereof thou shalt surely die."

Dr. Ramsay was in his youth much distinguished for wit and humour. His contemporaries at the College of Philadelphia well remember that an oration, which he there delivered in public, on the comparative state of the ancient and modern practice of physic, was replete with humorous observations on the former, much pungent satire on quackery, and several touches of the purest attic wit. We mention this, because in the latter periods of his life it was only from some occasional remark, in his moments of relaxation, that we could discover this original trait in Ramsay's character.

was present with the Charleston Ancient Battalion of Artillery, at the siege of Savannah.

Dr. Ramsay's career as a politician commenced with the war. His ardent mind could not remain inactive when the liberties of his country, and the happiness of man, were at stake.

From the declaration of independence to the termination of the war, he was a member of the legislature of the state of South Carolina. For two years he had the honour of being one of the privy council, and, with two others of that body, was among those citizens of Charleston who were banished by the enemy to St. Augustine. While this transaction is justly regarded as disgraceful to the British government, it was glorious for those who cheerfully submitted to exile, and all the horrors of a prison ship, rather than renounce their principles. Many still live who remember well the 17th of August, 1780. It was on the morning of the Lord's day, while the christian patriot, on his knees before his maker, was invoking the aid of heaven for his bleeding country, seeking consolation for himself, and in his petitions even remembering his enemies, that a band of armed men burst in upon him, dragged him from his habitation like a felon, and conveyed him to the prison ship—the tomb for living men. We shall not attempt to paint the scene which ensued when these political martyrs were to bid adieu to their relatives and friends, perhaps to meet them no more.

A number of the most respectable citizens of Charleston, prisoners on parole, and entitled to protection by all the rules held sacred in civilized warfare, were seized at the same time, and consigned to exile. The sole reason alleged by the enemy for this outrage was, "that Lord Cornwallis had been highly incensed at the perfidious revolt of many of the inhabitants, and had been informed that several of the citizens of Charleston had promoted and fomented this spirit."

In consequence of an exchange of prisoners, Dr. Ramsay was sent back to the United States, after an absence of eleven months. He immediately took his seat as a member of the state legislature, then convened at Jacksonborough. It was at this assembly that the various acts confiscating the estates of the adherents to Great Britain, were passed. Dr. Ramsay being conciliatory in his disposition, tolerant and humane in his principles, and the friend of

peace, although he well knew that the conduct of some of those who fell under the operation of these laws, merited all the severity that could be used toward them, yet he remembered, also, that many others were acting from the honest dictates of conscience. He could not, therefore, approve of the confiscation acts, and he opposed them in every shape. While in this, we know that he differed from some of the best patriots of the day, yet we cannot but admire that magnanimous spirit which could thus forget all its recent wrongs, and refuse to be revenged. Dr. Ramsay continued to possess the undiminished confidence of his fellow citizens and was, in February, 1782, elected a member of the continental congress. In this body he was always conspicuous, and particularly exerted himself in procuring relief for the southern states, then overrun by the enemy. On the peace he returned to Charleston, and recommenced the practice of his profession, but he was not permitted long to remain in private life, and, in 1785, was again elected a member of congress from Charleston district. The celebrated John Hancock had been chosen president of that body, but being unable to attend from indisposition, Dr. Ramsay was elected president pro tempore, and continued for a whole year to discharge the important duties of that station, with much ability, industry, and impartiality. In 1786 he again returned to Charleston, and reëntered the walks of private life. In the state legislature, and in the continental congress, Dr. Ramsay was useful and influential; and, indeed, the success of every measure to which he was known to be opposed, was considered doubtful. He was a remarkably fluent, rapid, and ready speaker; and though his manner was ungraceful, though he neglected all ornament, and never addressed himself to the imagination or the passions of his audience, yet his style was so simple and pure, his reasonings so cogent, his remarks so striking and original, and his conclusions resulted so clearly from his premises, that he seldom failed to convince.

He was so ready to impart to others his extensive knowledge on all subjects, that whenever consultation became necessary, his opinion and advice was looked for as a matter of course, and it was always given with great brevity and perspi-

cuity. Thus he became the most active member of every association, public or private, to which he was attached.

In general politics he was thoroughly and truly a republican. Through the course of a long life, his principles suffered no change—he died in those of his youth. With mere party politics he had little to do. He bore enmity to no man because he differed from him in opinion. Always disposed to believe his opponents to be the friends of their country, he endeavoured, by his language and example, to allay party feeling, and to teach all his fellow citizens to regard themselves as members of the same great family.

Through the whole course of his life he was assiduous in the practice of his profession. Of his merits as a physician the writer of this memoir is unqualified to judge. He knows that he was punctual and attentive at the chambers of the sick, and that his behaviour there was kind and encouraging; it was not his habit to despair of his patients, nor to permit them to despair of themselves. Whenever his services were required he never hesitated to render them promptly, at every sacrifice of personal convenience and safety. In his medical principles he was a rigid disciple of Rush, and his practice was remarkably bold. Instead of endeavouring to overcome diseases by repeated efforts, it was his aim to subdue them at once, by a single vigorous remedy. This mode of practice is probably well adapted to southern latitudes, where disease is so sudden in its approach, and so rapid in its effects. In the treatment of the yellow fever, Dr. Ramsay is said to have been uncommonly successful, and it is well known that he effected several remarkable cures, in cases of wounds received from poisonous animals. Those who knew him best, and had the experience of his services in their families for forty-two years, entertained the most exalted opinion of his professional merits.

His widely-extended reputation naturally induced many strangers who visited Charleston, in search of health, to place themselves under his care; and they always found in him the hospitable friend, as well as the attentive physician.

We proceed to consider Dr. Ramsay as an author. It is in this character he is best known and most distinguished. His reputation was not only well established in every part of the United States, but had extended to Europe. Few men in America have

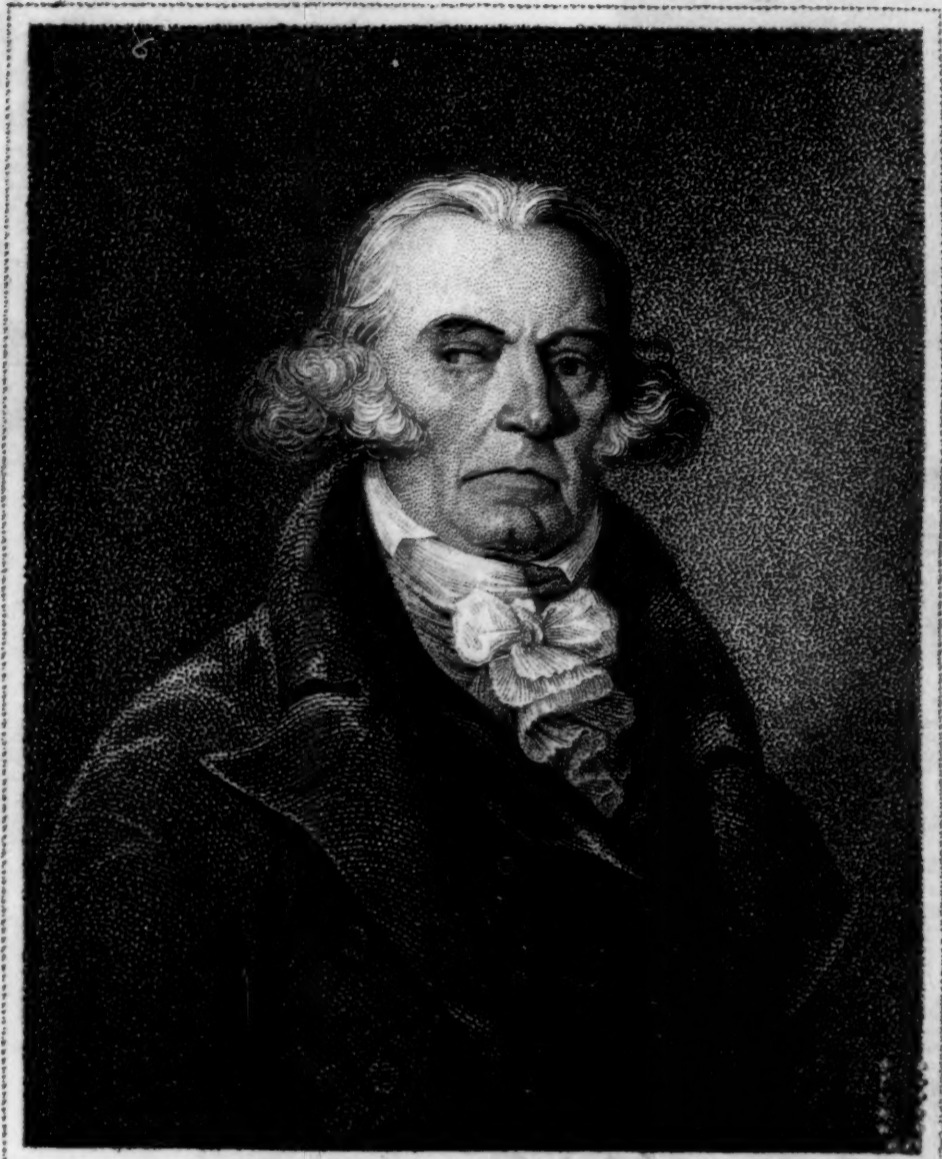
written more, and perhaps no one has written better. The citizens of the United States have long regarded him as the father of history in the new world, and he has always been ranked among those on whom America must depend for her literary character. He was admirably calculated by nature, education, and habit, to become the historian of his country. He possessed a memory so tenacious, that an impression once made on it could never be erased. The minutest circumstances of his early youth—facts and dates relative to every incident of his own life, and all public events, were indelibly engraven on his memory. He was, in truth, a living chronicle.*

His learning and uncommon industry eminently fitted him for the pursuits of a historian. He was above prejudice, and absolute master of passion. Who else could have dwelt upon the merits of the revolution, and “told an unvarnished tale?” We may speak calmly of the times that have long since passed by, and of events in which we have no concern; but when we speak of the times in which we live, or of events concerning which we can say with *Æneas*,

—————“quæque ipse miserrima vidi,
Et quorum pars magna fui,”

it is almost impossible to write or speak without prejudice; yet such was the noble victory obtained by the American historian over himself. “I declare,” says he, in the introduction of his first work, “that, embracing every opportunity of obtaining genuine information, I have sought for truth, and have asserted nothing but what I believe to be fact. If I should be mistaken, I will, on conviction, willingly

* We could adduce several instances of Dr. Ramsay’s singular strength of memory—one will suffice. The writer of this article had the honour of an intimate acquaintance with him. He well remembers being present when an intelligent stranger mentioned the name of a clergyman of whose congregation he was a member. Dr. Ramsay immediately said “I remember him well. I heard him preach once, about *thirty years ago*, and have not seen or heard of him since, but I now recollect his text, the division of his discourse, and the style of his preaching.” The Doctor then proceeded to repeat the text, gave the outlines of the discourse, and added several remarks on the merits of the preacher; although there was nothing particularly remarkable either in the preacher or the discourse.



J.B. White P^t

Stonewall Sculp^t

DAVID RAMSAY MD.

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retract it. During the whole course of my writing I have carefully watched the workings of my mind, lest passion, prejudice, or a party-feeling, should warp my judgment. I have endeavoured to impress on myself, how much more honourable it is to write impartially, for the good of posterity, than to condescend to be the apologist of a party. Notwithstanding this care to guard against partiality, I expect to be charged with it by both of the late contending parties. The suffering Americans, who have seen and felt the ravages and oppressions of the British army, will accuse me of too great moderation. Europeans, who have heard much of American cowardice, perfidy, and ingratitude, and more of British honour, clemency, and moderation, will probably condemn my work as the offspring of party zeal. I shall decline the fruitless attempt of aiming to please either, and instead thereof, follow the attractions of truth whithersoever she may lead." From these resolutions the historian never departed.

True it is, that the History of the Revolution in South Carolina was suppressed in London; not that it contained more or less than the truth, but because, in the faithful record of the events of the American revolution, the British government could discover nothing to add to their own glory, or to gratify national pride.

From the beginning, to the close of the war, Dr. Ramsay was carefully collecting materials for this work. After it was completed it was submitted to the perusal of General Greene, who having given his assent to all the statements made therein, the History of the Revolution in South Carolina was published in 1785. Its reputation soon spread throughout the United States, and it was translated into French, and read with great avidity in Europe.

It was ever the wish of Dr. Ramsay to render lasting services to his country, and being well aware that a general history of the revolution would be more extensively useful than a work confined to the transactions of a particular state, want of materials alone prevented him in the first instance from undertaking the former in preference to the latter. When, therefore, in the year 1785, he took his seat in congress, finding himself associated with many of the most distinguished heroes and statesmen of the revolution, and having free access to all the public records and documents that could throw light on the events of the war, he immediately

commenced the History of the American Revolution. Notwithstanding his public duties, he found time sufficient to collect from the public offices, and from every living source, the materials for this valuable work. With Dr. Franklin and Dr. Witherspoon, both of them his intimate friends, he conferred freely, and gained much valuable information from them. Anxious to obtain every important fact, he also visited General Washington at Mount Vernon, and was readily furnished by him with all the information required, relative to the events in which that great man had been the chief actor. Dr. Ramsay thus possessed greater facilities for procuring materials for the History of the Revolution, than any other individual of the United States. He had been an eye-witness of many of its events, and was a conspicuous actor in its busy scenes; he was the friend of Washington, Franklin, Witherspoon, and a host of others, who were intimately acquainted with all the events of the war; and it may be said, with perfect truth, that no writer was ever more industrious in collecting facts, nor more scrupulous in relating them. The History of the American Revolution was published in 1790, and was received with universal approbation. It is not necessary to analyze the character of a work that has stood the test of public opinion, and passed through the crucible of criticism. If the demand of a book can be received as evidence of its merits, perhaps this work must be ranked above any of Dr. Ramsay's productions. The first edition was soon disposed of, a second was called for, and has been exhausted, and the book is now difficult to be procured.*

* A writer in the *Analectic Magazine*, for May last, in making some observations on the Chevalier Botta's "*Storia della Guerra Americana*," says, that "it is remarkable that the best and most classical history of the *American* revolution has been written by an *Italian*." As this work is new to us, and we have had no opportunity of perusing it, we shall not attempt to controvert this opinion, and we can only say, with the writer of that article, if his account of it be correct, that it ought to be "naturalized among us by a translation into our own language." It is difficult, however, to conceive how an *Italian*, ignorant, probably, of our language, and having such limited means of acquiring accurate information, could possibly have written as *valuable* a History of the American Revolution as an *American* of knowledge, talents, and great industry, having an intimate acquaintance with all the facts he details. We may be allowed also to declare, that a writer in the 18th century, who imitates so closely the ancient historical writers, as to "make speeches and put them in the mouths of the characters," however classical his style may be, is not exactly the historian we would admire. We know not what Richard Henry Lee of Virgi-

In 1801, Dr. Ramsay gave to the world his *Life of Washington*; as fine a piece of biography as can be found in any language. It will not sink in comparison with the best productions of ancient or modern times. Indeed, our biographer had one great advantage over all others—we mean the exalted and unrivalled character of his hero—a character “above all Greek, above all Roman fame.”

In 1808, Dr. Ramsay published his *History of South Carolina*, in two volumes 8vo. He had, in 1796, published an interesting “Sketch of the soil, climate, weather, and diseases of South Carolina,” and this probably suggested the idea of a more minute history of the state. No pains were spared to make this work valuable and useful. The author was himself well acquainted with many of the facts he has recorded, and by the means of circular letters, addressed to intelligent gentlemen in every part of the state, the most correct information was obtained. Many important facts are thus preserved that must otherwise have been soon forgotten, and by this publication the author fully supported the reputation he had so justly acquired. The death of his wife in 1811; induced him to publish, a short time afterwards, the memoirs of her life. This interesting little volume, which, in addition to the life of Mrs. Ramsay, contains some of the productions of her own pen, is very generally read, and has been extensively useful. If, in any instance, the virtues of individuals, whose sphere of action has been confined to private life, ought to be held up to public view as an example for imitation, we hesitate not to say that the christian world had a claim on the publication of Mrs. Ramsay’s life. She possessed, from nature, a superior understanding; and education had added higher excellence to her native virtues; while her whole character was refined and exalted by the influence of christianity. The experience of such a

nia would have thought of any reporter of that day who had made him speak (on the great question of American independence) about the “incredible fruitfulness of our chaste wives;” but as Americans, anxious for the reputation of the great fathers of American liberty, we must protest against the practice in which Chevalier Botta has indulged, of putting his own words into their mouths. We trust we are not influenced in these remarks by any narrow feelings, or improper bias, but we must confess, until we are compelled to do so, by the force of truth, we shall not subscribe to the opinion that “the best and most classical History of the American Revolution has been written by an Italian.”

woman, whose principles had borne her triumphantly through all the trials and vicissitudes of life, will not be lost in the world.

In addition to the works already mentioned, Dr. Ramsay published "An Oration on the acquisition of Louisiana," "A Review of the improvements, progress, and state of medicine in the eighteenth century," delivered on the first day of the new century; "A Medical Register for the year 1802," "A Dissertation on the means of preserving health in Charleston," "A Biographical Chart, on a new plan, to facilitate the study of History," and an "Eulogium on Dr. Rush." All these works have merit in their several departments; particularly the Review of the Eighteenth Century, which contains more medical information in a small space than can be found in any production of the kind. He had also committed to the press, a short time previous to his death, A Brief History of the Independent or Congregational Church in Charleston. To this church he had, from his youth, been strongly attached, and this little history was meant as a tribute of affection. A few weeks before the event which closed his useful life, he commenced collecting materials for the life of General Andrew Jackson, with which he intended to connect a particular account of the origin and progress of the Indian war, and of the state of society in Louisiana. This interesting work has gone with him to the tomb.

The increasing demand for the History of the American Revolution induced the author, several years before his death, to resolve to publish an improved edition of that work. In preparing this, it occurred to him that a history of the United States, from their first settlement, as English colonies, including as much of the revolution as is important to be known, brought down to the present day, would be more interesting to the public, as well as more extensively useful. After completing this up to the year 1803, he determined to publish it in connexion with his Universal History, hereafter to be mentioned. Had not death arrested his progress, he would have brought down this work to the end of the late war. While we deplore, however, an event that has deprived us of the intellectual feast which the history of the war of 1812, from the same able pen which detailed the events of our revolution, must have furnished, we may congratulate ourselves, that the History of the United States, to a very late period, was

finished by Dr. Ramsay before his death, and will shortly be given to the world.*

But the last and greatest work of the American historian yet remains to be mentioned. He had, for upward of forty years, been preparing for the press a series of historical volumes which, when finished, were to bear the title of "Universal History Americanized, or a Historical View of the World from the earliest records to the 19th century, with a particular reference to the state of society, literature, religion, and form of government in the United States of America." The mind of Dr. Ramsay was perpetually grasping after knowledge, and the idea, so well expressed by Sir William Jones, "that it would be happy for us if all great works were reduced to their quintessence," had often occurred to his mind. It was a circumstance deeply lamented by him, that knowledge, the food of the soul, should be, in such a great measure, confined to literary and professional men; and he has often declared, that if men of business would only employ one hour in every twenty-four, in the cultivation of the mind, they would become well informed on all subjects. It had also forcibly suggested itself to his mind, that all of the histories that had been written were chiefly designed for the benefit of the old world, while America passed almost unnoticed, and was treated as unimportant in the scale of nations. With a view, therefore, of reducing all valuable historical facts within a small compass, to form a digest for the use of those whose leisure would not admit of more extensive reading, and to restore to his beloved country the importance to which she was entitled, this great work was undertaken.

Such a Universal History is certainly a desideratum in literature. If the execution be equal to the design, this work will be worthy of a place in the library of every respectable man in the United

* Proposals have already been issued for the publication of this work. It will shortly be printed, and the profits applied exclusively to the education and support of the numerous family of the author, whose only patrimony is the reputation of their father and his valuable manuscripts. Dr. Ramsay left eight children, four sons and four daughters; of these, all the sons are minors. It is to be hoped that the generous feelings of the American people will be excited in behalf of the family of a man whose whole life was devoted to the service of his country.

States, and will greatly add to the permanent literary reputation of the nation.

The labour of such an undertaking must have been great indeed, and when we remember the other numerous works which occupied the attention of the author, and the interruptions to which he was constantly exposed from professional avocations, we are at a loss to conceive how he found time for such various employments. But it has been truly said of him, that no "miser was ever so precious of his gold as he was of his time;" he was not merely economical, but parsimonious of it to the highest degree. From those avocations which occupy no great proportion of the lives of ordinary men, Dr. Ramsay subtracted as much as possible. He never allowed for the table, for recreation, or repose, a single moment that was not absolutely necessary for the preservation of his health. His habits were those of the strictest temperance. He usually slept four hours—rose before the light, and meditated with his book in his hand until he could see to read. He had no relish for the pleasures of the table—he always eat what was set before him, and having snatched his hasty meal, returned to his labours. His evenings, only, were allotted to recreation. He never read by the light of a candle: with the first shades of evening he laid aside his book and his pen, and, surrounded by his family and friends, gave loose to those paternal and social feelings which ever dwell in the bosom of the good man.

The writer of this memoir speaks the opinion of men well qualified to judge, when he says that as a historian, Ramsay is faithful, judicious, and impartial; that his style is classical and chaste, and if occasionally tinged by originality of idea, or singularity of expression, it is perfectly free from affected obscurity or laboured ornament. Its energy of thought is tempered by its simplicity and beauty of style.

His remarks on the nature of man, and various other topics, which incidentally present themselves, display much observation, and extensive information. His style is admirably calculated for history. Though it is evident the style of the rhetorician does not generally become the historian, yet few writers have preserved this distinction. Modern histories are so full of ornament that, in the blaze of eloquence, simple facts are lost and unnoticed, and

the pages of the professed historian frequently contain little more than profound observations on human life and political institutions.

It was the opinion of Dr. Ramsay "that a historian should be an impartial recorder of past events for the information of after ages;" and by this opinion he was always governed. History, that bids hours which are past to return again, and gives us the experience of a thousand years in one day, loses half its value when it ceases to be a simple record of past events.

The reputation of Dr. Ramsay throughout the United States is, perhaps, the best criterion of his merits as a writer; and still the value of his works, and particularly of his histories of the revolution, can scarcely be said to be properly appreciated by the public. They who acted well their parts on the glorious scenes of the revolution, could never forget any thing connected with it; but those who have grown up since that event, and millions yet unborn, must owe an everlasting debt of gratitude to David Ramsay. Soon might the events of our revolution have been lost in the mists of time, and even the memory of our heroes would have gradually faded into oblivion; but in the "History of the Revolution" is found a monument to their memory, more beautiful than man could rear. There their names, their virtues, and their noble deeds, are inscribed on tablets more durable than brass. Never can they be forgotten. The American historian has secured to them immortality of fame.

We have considered the character of Dr. Ramsay as a physician, a statesman, and a historian; let us now briefly recount his virtues as a man.

"In the early ages of the world," says an elegant writer, "the character of men was composed of an inconsiderable number of simple, but expressive, and strongly-marked features; for art had not added her colouring to the work of nature." In civilized society, however, where information is more generally diffused, the similarity of education, habits, and manners, and constant intercourse with the world, has created a general uniformity of character. Certain limited acquirements, and ordinary virtues, are the common property of all. But the mind of David Ramsay was cast in no common mould—his virtues were of no ordinary stamp. Not that his acquirements were unequalled, or his virtues supereminent;

but these virtues and acquirements were so combined as to constitute a strong and almost original character. Dr. Ramsay was distinguished for philanthropy, enterprise, industry, and perseverance. His philanthropy was not founded exclusively on feeling, sentiment, or reflection, but was the result of all three. This was the great spring of all his actions. If ever there existed a man destitute of selfishness, that man was David Ramsay. It was his habit to regard himself only as a member of the great human family, and his whole life was devoted to the formation and prosecution of plans for the good of others; he rejoiced far more sincerely at the success of measures for ameliorating the condition of mankind, than at those which resulted in his own immediate benefit. He was alike regardless of wealth, and free from ambition, and his active philanthropy only, made him an author. His active mind was ever devising means for the improvement of the moral, social, intellectual, and physical state of his beloved country. He was an enthusiast in every thing which tended to promote these darling objects. To carry the benefits of education into every family, to introduce the bible, and extend the blessings of christianity to the most sequestered parts of the American continent, and to bring commerce, by means of central navigation, to every door, were his favourite objects; to the full accomplishment of which, he looked forward with the most ardent expectation, and he unceasingly devoted his talents and influence to their promotion.

Want of judgment in the affairs of the world was the weak point of his character. In common with many men, one might almost say *all* eminent literary men, he had studied human nature more from books than actual observation, and had derived his knowledge of the world from speculation, rather than actual experience. Hence resulted a want of that sober judgment, and correct estimate of men and things, so essentially necessary to success in worldly pursuits. This was the great defect in his mind, and, as if to show the fatal effects of a single error, this alone frustrated almost all his schemes, and through the whole course of a long and useful life, involved him in perpetual difficulties and embarrassments, from which he was never able to extricate himself. Judging of others from the upright intentions of his own

heart, he frequently became the dupe of the designing and fraudulent. His philanthropy constantly urged him to the adoption of plans of extensive utility; his enterprise led him to select those most difficult to accomplish, and his perseverance never permitted him to abandon what he had once undertaken. Hence, yielding to visionary schemes, and pursuing them with unflagging ardour, he seldom abandoned them until too late to retrieve what had been lost. What he planned for others he was always ready to support by his tongue, his pen, and his purse. Among numerous examples of this disposition which might be found in the life of Dr. Ramsay, it will be sufficient to mention the zeal and perseverance with which he proposed and urged the formation of a company for the establishment of the Santee canal in South Carolina, a work of great public utility, but attended by the most ruinous consequences to the individuals who supported it. As he was the first to propose, he was the very last to abandon the expectation of immense profits from this work, and by this single enterprise he sustained a loss of 30,000 dollars. But whatever were his errors, no man was governed by purer motives, or more upright intentions. Long will the loss of his talents, activity, and perseverance, be felt by the community in which he lived, and the various public institutions to which he belonged.

In society he was a most agreeable companion; his memory was stored with an infinite fund of interesting or amusing anecdotes, which gave great sprightliness and zest to his conversation. He never assumed any superiority over those with whom he conversed, and always took peculiar pleasure in the society of young men of intelligence or piety.

Dr. Ramsay had studied the bible with the greatest care. He believed its doctrines, and practised its precepts. His religious views and opinions evinced a pious, liberal, and independent mind. They were formed from the sacred volume, unfettered by any prejudice of education, or over attachment to sect or denomination. He saw in the scriptures a religion truly divine, and clearly discerned a wide and essential difference between the scheme there revealed, and the best system of religion or of ethics which unaided human reason had ever framed. On all the grand and peculiar doctrines of the gospel, his mind felt no hesitation, and underwent

no change. But for the minor doctrines of the gospel, the rites, forms, ceremonies, and external administration of the church, though he was far from deeming them unimportant, yet he could not exclude from the charity of his heart any individual, or any church in which he discovered the radical principles of christianity. He believed that most sects concurred in the essential doctrines of salvation, and no man could be more disposed to acknowledge as "brethren in Christ," all "who did the will of their heavenly father."

His principles influenced all his actions. In every situation he preserved the most unruffled equanimity. He was a firm believer in the doctrine of the particular providence of the Deity, and hence, in a great measure, resulted his composure. Events that would extremely disconcert almost every other man scarcely moved him at all. Those who witnessed his behaviour under some of the severest trials of life must be convinced that the sentiment, that "God does all things well," was deeply engraven on his heart. His life was a checkered scene, and presented frequent opportunities for the exercise of his principles. Three times was he called to mourn over the graves of his dearest earthly friends. No man ever began life with fairer prospects; not a cloud was to be seen in his horizon. Possessed of talents, reputation, fortune, and friends, he bid fair to pass his days in the sunshine of prosperity, and to have his evening gilded by the beams of happiness. But misfortune overtook him, and he was stripped of all his comforts. In old age, when the weary soul seeks repose, calamity came upon him, and was the constant inmate of his house. A son, grown to manhood, who promised fair to imitate his father's virtues, was suddenly cut down. A tender and excellent wife, the mother of his eight surviving children, was torn from his embrace, and consigned to the tomb.

The loss of her,

"That like a jewel, had hung twenty years
About his neck, yet never lost her lustre;
Of her, that loved him with that excellence
That angels love good men with; even of her,
That when the greatest stroke of fortune fell,
Still smiled serene,"

might well have "brought down his gray hairs with sorrow to the grave." But amidst the troubled waters of misfortune, he stood like a rock, and though its waves broke over him, he was firm and immoveable.

As a husband, as a father, and in every domestic relation of life, he was alike exemplary. The closing scene of Dr. Ramsay's life was alone wanting to put a seal to his character. He fell by the hand of an assassin whom he never wronged, but whom, on the contrary, he had humanely endeavoured to serve. If harmlessness of manners, suavity of temper, and peaceableness of deportment—if a heart glowing with benevolence, and a disposition to do good to all men, are characteristics that would promise to any one security, he had on all these grounds the least cause to apprehend, or guard against hostility. The fatal wound was received in the open street, and at noon day, under circumstances of horror calculated to appal the stoutest heart, yet the unfortunate victim was calm and self possessed.*

* The history of this mournful transaction is this: A man by the name of William Linnen, a taylor by trade, had been long remarked for singularity of conduct. Having been engaged in some law suits, he conceived that he had suffered injustice through the misconduct of his lawyer, the judges, and the jury. To obtain redress for these supposed injuries, he petitioned the legislature repeatedly, and actually walked the whole way to Washington on foot to endeavour to procure the impeachment of one of the judges of the supreme court. At last he became desperate, and was heard to declare, "that as the laws afforded him no protection, he meant to protect himself." Soon after this he made an attempt upon the life of his attorney, and wounded him severely. For this offence he was thrown into prison. On being arraigned, it was represented to the court, that he was under the influence of mental derangement. Dr. Ramsay and Dr. Benjamin Simons were appointed by the court to examine and report on his case. They concurred in opinion that Linnen was deranged, and that it would be dangerous to let him go at large. He was therefore remanded to prison, where he was confined until exhibiting symptoms of returning sanity, he was discharged. He behaved himself peaceably for some time; but was heard to declare, that he would "kill the doctors who had joined the conspiracy against him." This threat was communicated to Dr. Ramsay, but conscious of having given no cause of offence, he disregarded it. On Saturday, the 6th day of May, Dr. Ramsay was met in Broad-street, about 1 o'clock in the afternoon, within sight of his own door, by the wretched maniac, who passed by, and taking a large horseman's pistol out of a handkerchief in which it was concealed, shot the Doctor in the back. The pistol was charged with three bullets; one passed through the coat without doing any injury, one entered the hip and passed out at the groin, and the third entered the back near the kidneys, and lodged in the intestines. The last wound proved mortal on the second day. The perpetrator of this deed was instantly arrested and committed to prison; but so far from manifesting any compunc-

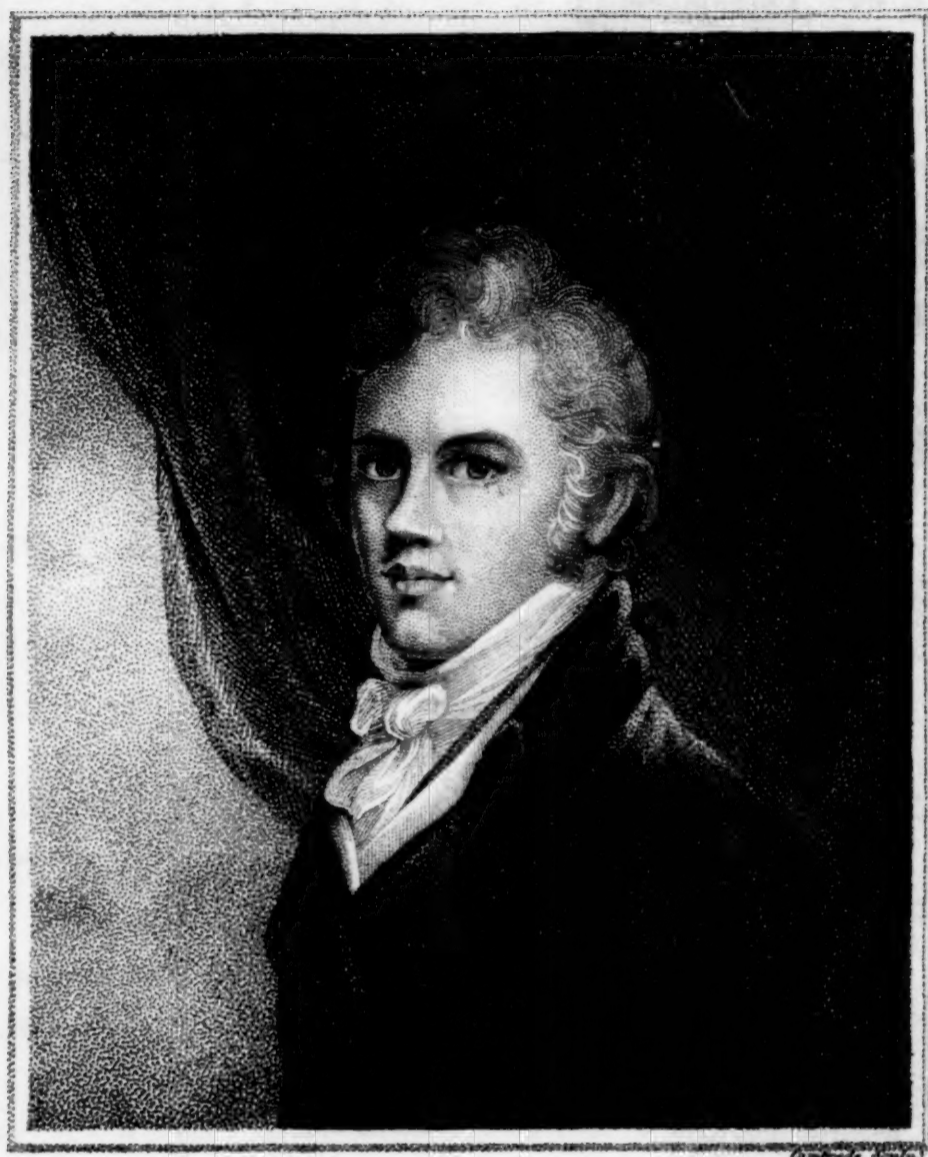
Having been carried home, and being surrounded by a crowd of anxious citizens, after first calling their attention to what he was about to utter, he said, "I know not if these wounds be mortal; I am not afraid to die; but should that be my fate, I call on all here present to bear witness, that I consider the unfortunate perpetrator of this deed a lunatic, and free from guilt." During the two days that he lingered on the bed of death he alone could survey, without emotion, the approaching end of his life. Death had for him no terrors—and on Monday the eighth of May, about seven in the morning,

" He gave his honours to the world again,
His blessed part to heaven, and slept in peace."

Such was the character of David Ramsay. His numerous virtues were, indeed, alloyed by some faults, but whatever they were, they were such as sprung from the head, not from the heart.

Beside other tributes of respect paid by the inhabitants of Charleston to the memory of their lamented fellow citizen, the several societies of which he was a member resolved to wear mourning for thirty days; a funeral sermon was preached by the Rev. Mr. Palmer, and a public eulogium was delivered by Robert Y. Hayne, Esq. by appointment of "the Literary and Philosophical Society of South Carolina."

tion, he triumphed in the act. Being brought up for trial, he refused to employ counsel, and declared that he would put any lawyer to death who should dare to charge him with insanity, or to urge it in his defence. His trial has been postponed until January next. From all of the circumstances, there appears to be little doubt that the unfortunate wretch is actually deranged.



EDWARD G. MALBONE

— Engraved for the Analytic Magazine Published by M. Thomas. —

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICE OF EDWARD G. MALBONE.

WHOEVER writes the history of American genius, or of the American arts, will have failed to do justice to his subject if he omits the name of Malbone.

Edward G. Malbone was born in Newport, Rhode-Island. His family were in humble circumstances, and he received nothing more than the ordinary rudiments of a common school education. At an early age drawing was his favourite amusement, and it soon became the constant employment of every leisure moment.

The biographers of poets and painters have delighted to trace the peculiar genius of their heroes for those pursuits in which they severally excelled, to some apparently trivial incident of early youth. Thus the genius of Cowley is related to have taken its direction toward poetry from the perusal, while a child, of a volume of Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, which used to lie in his mother's apartment; and Reynolds is said to have become a painter from a similar circumstance of his childhood. But it is impossible to account, according to this theory, for the great number of excellent painters which our own country has produced within the last half century. Fifty, forty, and even thirty years ago, which were the periods about which the youthful genius of many of the future artists must have been first awakened, the people of this country were altogether without general taste for the productions of the elegant arts; we were without artists of any rank or kind; we had few pictures, no good models of architecture or sculpture, and even the cheaper luxury of engravings was comparatively rare among us. That under such circumstances, with no public, and but little private, patronage, the nation should have produced a continual and uninterrupted succession of painters of great merit, from the time of West and Copley to those of Malbone and Allston, and still later, of young Leslie and Morse, is a fact which can only be accounted for by allowing the existence of some organic cause or natural propensity of genius.

While quite a lad, young Malbone was in the habit of frequenting the theatre, chiefly attracted thither by the illusions of scenery. The stage, even in the utmost magnificence of splendour and decoration, is but a bad school to form the taste of the artist,

whose business it is to imitate nature; but native talent seems to have the fabled power of the *opus magnum* of alchemy—there is nothing with which it comes in contact, however base and worthless in itself, which it cannot convert to its own use, and transmute to some nobler substance. The regularity of Malbone's attendance behind the scenes, in the morning, at rehearsals, attracted the notice of the scene painter, who, pleased with the ardour of the young amateur, gave him a few lessons in drawing, engaged him as an assistant in his business, and soon after permitted him to paint an entire new scene. This was, probably, good only by comparison with the general mediocrity of the scenes of a small provincial theatre; but it was received with the most flattering applause: and Malbone, having tasted the pleasures of public praise, began to feel the enthusiasm of the arts, and panted for higher fame, and the approbation of cultivated and judicious criticism. While he was thus engaged at the theatre, at home he employed himself with indefatigable industry in drawing heads, and at length in attempting likenesses. In these trials he succeeded so well, that he determined to devote himself to this new occupation as his profession for life. Not that he felt himself incompetent to higher performances, or was without ambition to reach the fame which can only be obtained in the more elevated walks of the graphic art; but as an historical or landscape painter, he might have lingered for many years in poverty and obscurity, while by the humbler but more lucrative business of painting likenesses, he might soon acquire reputation and profit. He confined himself chiefly to water colours; and, after a time, altogether to portraits in miniature. His improvement was rapid and constant, and his reputation soon made its way through the principal cities of the United States. He resided and pursued his profession with great success for some time in New-York, and afterwards in Philadelphia and in Boston. His constitution was not naturally vigorous, and his excessive application to study and business began to impair his health. Desirous of trying the effect of a southern climate, he removed to Charleston in the winter of 1800. In every place in which he resided as an artist, the refinement of his mind and his habits, the natural ease of his manners, and the engaging suavity of his disposition, soon introduced him into the best company as a gentleman. Though he delighted

in polished and well informed society, neither fashionable amusement, nor the pleasures of the table, were ever suffered to encroach upon the hours he had set aside for his much-loved art. He regularly commenced the studies of his painting room very early in the morning, and continued employed during the greater part of the day. So great was his economy of time, that he attempted to devote the night, as well as the day, to his profession, and for this purpose contrived a method of painting by candle light, by the means of glasses, which condensed the rays of light, and threw them full and broad upon the ivory. This experiment did not succeed to his wishes, yet it shows the ardour of his application. With all this zeal for the particular object of his ambition, he did not neglect the general cultivation of his mind; for he felt that the artist who knows nothing but his art, can never know even that perfectly. The technical or mechanical part of painting may, indeed, be studied and carried to great perfection by itself alone, but all that is intellectual or animated in the art, all that depends upon taste or fancy, upon delicacy or dignity of conception, must be nourished by literature, and the habit of contemplating nature with a philosophic or a poetic eye. Malbone laboured with great assiduity to supply the defects of his early education, by acquiring every kind of information. His acquaintance with elegant English literature was not only general, but distinguished by delicacy of taste and feeling. He took great delight in having some favourite author read to him whilst he was painting.

In May, 1803, he sailed from Charleston to London, where he resided for several months, for the purpose of improvement. There is a sensible Spanish proverb on the subject of foreign travel, which says, that "to bring home the wealth of the Indies, one must take the wealth of the Indies abroad;" or, in other words, the more knowledge the traveller carries abroad with him, the greater will be his improvement. This aphorism, so true with respect to general knowledge, is still more applicable to the improvement to be derived from travel in any particular art or science: there are a thousand unconnected fragments of knowledge, which, when they fall in the way of the half learned observer, only serve to confuse and bewilder him, while to the skil-

ful they afford invaluable assistance in methodizing, completing, or adorning previously-acquired and well-digested science.

While in England, Malbone examined and studied the works of many of the great masters, not with the wild raptures of the inexperienced artist or the connoisseur, but with the enlightened admiration of congenial genius. He was also introduced to the acquaintance of many eminent living artists, and received the most marked and friendly attentions from Mr. West, who gave him unlimited access to his study at all times. Mr. West strongly urged him to remain in England, and when Malbone modestly expressed doubts of his success, the objection was answered by the flattering assurance, that in his particular walk he had nothing to fear from professional competition in Great Britain. Malbone, however, preferred the manners and institutions of his own country, and returned to Charleston in 1801. There he resumed his profession, improved in skill, and high in reputation, and from this period continued to pursue it with unflagging zeal, and unabated success, for about six years, a part of which time was passed in Charleston, and the remainder in New-York.

In 1806 his labours were interrupted by languor and disease; confinement and sedentary application, had for some time been gradually undermining his constitution; and he now manifested every symptom of rapidly-approaching consumption. He laid aside the pencil, and tried the effect of exercise and travel during the summer, but without avail. A change of climate was recommended by his physicians; and, in the autumn of 1806, he took passage for the island of Jamaica, designing to pass the winter there; but finding no benefit from the change, he returned to die in his native country. He landed at Savannah, which was the first part in the United States he could reach, where he languished until his death, which took place on the 7th of May, 1807, in the thirty-second year of his age.

It too often happens that the biographer, after dilating with enthusiasm on the merits of the artist, is obliged with shame and mortification, to confess or to palliate the vices or grossness of the man. The biographer of Malbone is spared this painful task; all his habits of life were decorous and gentlemanly, and his morals without reproach. His temper was naturally equable and gentle; his affections were warm and generous.

The profits of his profession, which, after his return from Europe, were considerable, were always shared with his mother and sisters, to whom he was strongly attached.

In that branch of the art to which he had chiefly devoted himself, Malbone deserves to be ranked with the first painters of the present, or indeed of any age. The works of Isaby, the first living French artist in this way, are certainly not so good as his; nor is it believed that there are many English miniatures equal to them. This is not the empty praise of an unskilful panegyrist, but the sober opinion of practical artists.

There is, in the European academies, a certain aristocracy of taste, which has somewhat unjustly degraded miniature painting to a low rank in the scale of the imitative arts; so that every underling designer of vignette title pages to pocket editions of the poets, has attempted to consider himself as belonging to a higher order of genius, than the painter who delineates "the mind's expression speaking in the face."

Yet Reynolds entertained a very different opinion of portraiture as a field for the exertion of genius; and he pronounces the power of animating and dignifying the countenance, and impressing upon it the appearance of wisdom or virtue, to require a nobleness of conception, which, says he, "goes beyond any thing in the mere exhibition even of the most perfect forms."

This degradation of miniature painting is, however, in no small degree to be ascribed to the faults of its professors. They have generally limited their ambition to a minute and laboured finishing, and a gay and vivid, but most unnatural brilliancy, of bright colouring. They content themselves with painting only to the eye, without addressing the mind, and their pictures are, therefore, portraits of Lilliputians, or, at best, of men and women, seen in a *camera obscura*, but never the "pictures in little" of real and living persons. Now, Malbone had none of these faults, and almost every excellence which can be displayed in this kind of painting. He drew well, correctly, yet without tameness. He had acute discernment of character, and much power of expressing it. He had taste, fancy, and grace, and in the delineation of female beauty, or gay innocent childhood, these qualities were admirably conspicuous. His preëminent excellence was in colouring; such was its harmony, its delicacy, its truth. His miniatures have most of

the beauties of a fine portrait, without losing any of their own peculiar character.

In the arts, the miniature may be considered as holding the same relative rank that the sonnet does in poetry, and the peculiar merit of Malbone is precisely of the same kind with that of the poet, who, without violating the exact rules, or the polished elegance, of the sonnet, is yet able to infuse into it, the spirit the freedom, and the dignity of the ode, or the epic.

To all this he added the still rarer merit of originality; for he was almost a self-taught painter. Though, whilst he was in England, he doubtless improved himself very much by the study of fine pictures, and the observation of the practice of West, and other great painters of the day; yet it has been said by artists, that the style and manner of his earlier and later works are substantially the same, and those painted after his return from Europe are only to be distinguished by their superior delicacy of taste, and greater apparent facility of execution.

The few pieces of larger composition, which his hurry of business left him time to complete, have the same character of grace and beauty.

His *Hours* has been seen and admired in every city of the United States. This was in part taken from the *Hours* of Mrs. Cosway, but with many, and very material variations. The writer has not the means of ascertaining how much Malbone was indebted to Mrs. Cosway; but if the criticism conveyed in Peter Pindar's coarse sneer at her "*Brandy-faced Hours*," has any shadow of truth, Malbone's beautiful picture must be essentially different from its original.

He occasionally amused himself with landscape. His sketches in this way were but slight, and are valuable only as they show the extent of his powers. There is one little piece of his which is said to be a mere sport of imagination: it possesses a singularly pleasing effect of pastoral sweetness.

In the latter years of his life, he tried his hand in oil-painting, in which he made a respectable proficiency. That he did not attain to great eminence in this branch, was owing, not to any want of talent, but to that of leisure and health; for so much of his excellence was intellectual, and so little of it purely mechanical, that with requisite application, he could not have failed to acquire distinction in any department of the art.

THE
AMERICAN NAVAL CHRONICLE.



[This vignette, cut in wood by Anderson, from a design by Sully, represents Columbia seizing the trident of Neptune.]

INTRODUCTORY ESSAY.

It has been noticed as a striking peculiarity in the situation of the United States of America, that their origin, as well as the origin of their institutions, are matters of historical record. Nothing of consequence in our history has been forgot, and nothing is sufficiently remote to have felt the effects of that distance which gives room for the invention of tales and fables, and renders the early history of almost all other nations a mere traditional romance. The founders of this great republic were neither giants nor demigods. Among the sober, matter-of-fact pilgrims of Plymouth and York Town, there was not one that was either begot-

ten by a river god, or suckled by a wolf; and it is utterly impossible for the most ardent admirer of national antiquity to carry our origin, as has been done by some nations, beyond the period assigned by chronologists for the creation of the world.

In no other country, therefore, is there such a fair opportunity for a true history, which shall trace the progress of a nation from its earliest beginnings, and draw its materials, not from traditionary ballads and border stories, but from the substantial source of written records, compiled by men cotemporary with the events they recorded, and preserved by their posterity. Nothing is wanting to this undertaking but a tolerable portion of industry, combined with no uncommon degree of either learning or judgment; and that a good history of the United States, such a one as would supersede those already written, and obviate the necessity for new attempts, has not yet been compiled, is probably owing, not so much to the difficulty of the work, as to an idea that the events to be recorded are too recent, too immaterial, or too generally known, to require the labour of collecting and preserving. But this opinion is one of the great causes which have led to the uncertainties, contradictions, and exaggerations which have become incorporated into the histories of all nations. There is a period between the immediate and temporary excitement of political passions and events, and that mistiness and uncertainty which, after the expiration of a few years, envelope the most momentous affairs, which, if properly used by an industrious and candid inquirer, would probably lead him as near to the truth as the nature of things would admit. Neither distance of time, no more than distance of space, is, we apprehend, altogether favourable to the contemplation of an object, the size, colour, and dimensions of which we wish to ascertain; and the historian who waits till the shades of time have settled on the events he is about to record, in order that he may come nearer the truth, will fare like him who expects to find in the obscurity of evening a treasure which eluded his search in the meridian splendour. Equally erroneous, we conceive, is the opinion, that to render history interesting it is necessary to wait till time has given a sort of venerable and obscure dignity to events. This is only applicable to works of imagination, founded on, or connected with, rational

topics, and which, naturally dealing in exaggerated pictures, must be careful not to outrage the severe realities of history, and, therefore, goes back to times that are rather traditional than historical.

Nothing is more clear, we think, than that much of the uncertainty and contradiction of history arises from the delay which has hitherto occurred in collecting the materials. Historical writers seem to forget that their works are not intended so much for their cotemporaries as for posterity, and, consequently, that what may be quite unnecessary to tell the living, will be most interesting to those who are yet unborn. It is a duty which every age owes its posterity, to transmit to them a true and impartial relation of those acts of their forefathers that are worthy of remembrance; and that this may be faithfully performed, care should be taken to collect and preserve the materials for such an undertaking. A few years are sufficient to disperse or destroy what the labour of a whole life would be insufficient to collect or recover, and to destroy those lights which so materially assist in the search of truth. Daily experience demonstrates the obstacles which time throws in the way of a discovery of some fact which once every body knew; and our feelings every moment bear testimony, how much easier it is to preserve the memory of events than to recover it when once it is lost.

It seems also, that those who live nearer to the time in which the events they describe took place, are much more likely to know the truth than those who come after them. Whatever may be said of the operation of human passions, prejudices, and interests, in the one, may be applied to the other. The man who is cotemporary with the transactions he records, is only influenced by his own passions, or the passions of those around him; while the man who describes what he did not see, must resort to the testimony of eye witnesses influenced by the same passions, or to records written, for aught he knows, by persons equally liable to the same improper bias, or to an opposite one, leading equally distant from the truth. All the relations we receive of past, or passing events, must come to us tinged more or less with passion, interest, or prejudice; and as the writer who describes transactions in which he was an actor, or with which he was cotemporary, certainly has a better opportunity of knowing the truth than one who lives cen-

turies after, we are inclined strongly to the opinion, that if truth is not to be found in the relations of such writers, it is in vain to search for it in those that come after them.

Another idea which very frequently deters men of leisure and opportunity from recording the early events of the history of this country, is, that from the smallness of the means employed, they are unwarily drawn into the supposition, that the object and end of those means must necessarily be unimportant. A moment's consideration would dispel this error. Nothing is so interesting in the history of an individual or a nation, become illustrious, as the details of their early youth, the first indications of character they displayed, and the primary steps by which they climbed the steep ascent of fame, and became objects of attention to the surrounding world. Nothing, in such a detail, is uninteresting or unimportant; and without these little preliminary items, both history and biography would want their most alluring charm. With regard to the history of our own country, it ought always to be kept in mind by the writer, that the most important events have been brought about by means comparatively trifling. The mighty victories of the Duke of Marlborough, and many other great captains, were achieved to take, or to relieve, a town; yet we read, with wonder and interest, that the petty ends they gained, or contemplated, are lost in the magnitude of the instruments employed, and of the thousands that were sacrificed to no purpose. On the contrary, the settlement of a new world, the hardy and adventurous spirit of our forefathers, the expulsion of the tyrant from this great republic, the establishment of a system of admirable freedom, the acquisition of provinces greater than the kingdoms of Europe, and the winning of wreaths of victorious valour on the ocean, the lakes, and the land, are apt to be considered as matters of little consequence, because all was achieved with means bearing no comparison with the innumerable and unwieldy fleets and armies of the enemy.

These observations, it is hoped, will aid in encouraging a disposition in men, whose fortune, by placing them above the temptation of doing any thing useful to the present generation, gives them the better opportunity of benefiting posterity, to bestow a little more attention than has hitherto been paid to the history of the United States. This country bears upon it the stamp and cha-

racter of future greatness, and the time will come when nothing which relates to her first settlement, her early history, and her unprecedented growth, will be uninteresting to her citizens or to the world. When we are sensible of this, from our own experience, it will be too late to supply the neglect, and all that will then be left us will be the consolation of folly in lamenting what cannot be remedied.

For these, and other reasons that are of no consequence to the public, we have undertaken the present work, which, if properly executed, will become a record whence the future historian may perhaps gather many materials that would otherwise be either lost, or only found through the medium of much laborious research. The introductory essay now offered to the public is intended as a mere outline of the rise and progress of the navy of the United States; the limits of the work would not admit of a particular history, even had it been required. The historical work of Mr. Thomas Clark contains a more copious detail, and to that we refer our readers for more minute particulars.

The importance of the North American colonies, in a naval point of view, was early observed by the English writers; and one of the anticipated consequences of their separation from the mother country was the diminution of her naval power. Writers on either side debated this question with much warmth during the progress of the revolutionary war. On one hand, it was asserted that even at that early period Great Britain had already suffered in the character of her navy by more than one defeat given her by American vessels, and further, that the loss of the naval stores, the seamen, and the forests, of the colonies, would be severely felt by the parent state. Many went so far as to trace the vast increase of the British navy to causes growing out of the possession of the North American colonies, and expressed serious apprehensions, that their loss would not only deprive Great Britain of many of the resources necessary to the support of her immense naval establishment, but raise up a rival, who, at some future period, would contest with her the dominion of the seas.

On the other hand, it was argued, "that though the apprehensions entertained by many might have been very great at the breaking out of the war with the colonies, from an idea that the

recent increase of that importance had arisen wholly from the growth of the colonies; yet, from experience of the great exertions made, and from the continuance of the war itself, it has been clearly proved, that that increase must have arisen from other resources, which will every day more and more be found to exist in the mother country herself. At the same time, from that superior exertion, so constantly and gloriously exhibited by our seamen, in the lesser conflicts, as well during the course of the present as the two last wars, we may rest assured that the character of the British tar is not in the least debased, but still as predominant as formerly.

“Hence, if the American colonies shall accomplish their wished-for separation, Britain, by her force being more collected, and with these resources, will be more powerful than ever.”*

The question to which the above extract relates, continued to be discussed, as is usual with points that can only be settled by experience, without ever being decided; and though the pride of Britain refused to assent to the idea that the United States would ever become her rival in any thing, still her government has ever confessed it, by its watchful jealousy of our growth, and more especially by the keen and suspicious eye with which it has watched the growth of our navy. The apprehensions of an enemy, or a rival, are the surest guides to a knowledge of our own strength; and to know where we are the most dangerous or invincible, it is only necessary to watch the directions of his fears.

Very early in the revolutionary contest, the attention of that noble body of men who directed the destiny of this infant nation, and from whom we derive the best lessons for future government, as well as the noblest examples for future legislators, was directed to the formation of a naval force, such as the limited resources at their command would warrant. Single ships of war and privateers had been previously equipped, and had cruised successfully against English commerce; but it was in the year 1775 that the first naval armament was fitted out under the authority of congress. It consisted of five vessels, mounting eighty-six guns, manned by nine hundred and fifty men, and was com-

* Clark's Naval Tactics.

manded by Commodore Hopkins. A small beginning to an establishment, which, though we never wish to see it strong enough to tyrannize over the ocean, under pretence of maintaining its freedom, will yet, it is to be hoped, be augmented slowly and surely, and grow with the growth of our country, until it becomes amply sufficient for the defence of our commerce, our rights, and our glory.

It is not our intention to give any other than a mere general idea of the naval history of the United States, as introductory to the work we have undertaken. But in running over the transactions of the revolutionary war, we can clearly discern strong indications, that seem to point to the future destiny of our country, and demonstrate her admirable aptitude to become a naval power of great consequence, if her resources are warily applied, and the character of the nation suffered to pursue its natural direction. Yet, even should obstacles be thrown in the way of her inevitable fate, it seems obvious, from the history of the past, that though they may retard, they cannot overcome that natural predisposition, which arises from natural causes, and which is beyond the control of any human power. Such predispositions are the whispering voice of Providence, directing nations in the path they are to pursue, for the attainment of glory and happiness. A wise government may possibly overlook the natural and inherent dispositions of the people, but experience will soon set it right, and if it is really wise, it will for ever abandon the fallacious expectation of permanently repressing the strong propensities of a whole people.

While yet there was hardly a solitary instance, in the war of the revolution, of successful resistance, much less of victorious offensive operations, on the part of our undisciplined armies, the Americans had sustained the severest encounters with the British on the sea, in which they always came off with credit, often with success. The first naval battle which was fought during that war, was between the Comet, of twenty-eight guns, and a British frigate, off St. Christophers, in the year 1776. It lasted three hours, and the frigate sheered off with the loss of her mizen mast, and a great number of men. The Comet was too much cut up to pursue. The same year Captain Fisk, in the Tyrannicide sloop of fourteen guns, fought and took the Despatch, a transport vessel

of equal guns, and having one hundred armed soldiers on board. Paul Jones, in the *Providence*, of twelve guns, sustained a running fight of six hours with a British frigate of twenty-eight-guns, and at last made his escape by a masterly and desperate manœuvre. He afterward fought that famous battle with the *Serapis*, which is without a parallel in the records of naval warfare. The memory of this gallant officer has fallen a martyr to the hot and malignant passions of the times in which he lived, and to that childish credulity with which the people of this greedy country receive the accounts of themselves which are published by their enemies. He has been held up by the English writers, as a marauder, a pirate, and a buccanier, because he had the effrontery to alarm the coast of Scotland, and afterward to sail up the Humber and destroy sixteen vessels in the port of Hull. He is also accused of having plundered a small town in Scotland, and for this he is stigmatized with the severest censures by the very enemies who had set him an example at Kingston, New London, and many other places. The English newspapers, and the Royal Gazettes of this country, denounced him as a mere desperate plunderer; and the people of the United States, who are accustomed to be taught by foreigners whom to admire, acquiesced in the opinion, though, from all we have been able to collect, he appears to have possessed most of the essential characteristics of heroism.

The name of Biddle is also advantageously known in the Revolutionary War, as it has become equally distinguished in the last. After having signalized himself on various occasions by that valour, skill, intelligence, and gallantry of spirit, which seems ever to have inspired our little navy, he valiantly perished in the *Randolph* frigate, which was blown up, while engaged with a sixty-four gun ship.

Many additional instances of successful valour, daring enterprise, and heroic devotion, might be selected from the records of those times, if more were necessary to our purpose. They exhibit the dawns of that rare spirit, vigour, hardihood, and enterprise, which have since led to such glorious results. Left to ourselves, and in the situation of children, suddenly thrown upon the exercises of our own genius; without either the skill derived from experience, the memory of former exploits to animate, or the

confidence that grows out of the habit of self government; with self-taught officers, and sailors fighting against those they had been accustomed to obey; still, throughout that long and bloody struggle of seven years, we gained and preserved a reputation for naval skill and bravery, under all these disadvantages.

On the conclusion of the war, which ended in the acknowledgment of our independence, it happened, as it usually does in all countries where the foresight of the ruler is checked, in its operation, by the unwillingness of the representative to burthen his constituents with preparations against dangers uncertain in their approach. The people of the United States saw themselves relieved from the pressure of immediate, and the prospect of future, invasions, and were anxious to be relieved from the burthens, which, during the contest, they had sustained with decent firmness. The great and invaluable lesson of experience, which teaches a nation the necessity of acquiescing in some actual inconveniences, for the sake of securing its lasting safety and happiness, was lost in the eagerness to enjoy the fulness of the present hour. The army was forthwith disbanded, and the navy left to its fate.

Without inquiring into the justice or policy of such a measure, it may be permitted us to observe, on the one hand, that the people of all countries, where the people have a principal sway in the government, are a little too apt, on the return of peace and security, to forget their obligations to those who, in time of war and danger, protect them in their persons and callings. They forget that, in order effectually to secure themselves against an inevitable exigency, it is necessary to cherish, in time of peace, a race of men so necessary in time of war, and who cannot be suddenly produced by the sowing of dragons' teeth, or the call of a legislature. The habits of a soldier, and most especially of a sailor, on board a man of war, require time and attention to mature; and those who are so delicately susceptible to the dangers and expenses of military and naval establishments, would, perhaps, do well to remember the losses and sufferings which, in the event of invasion, must inevitably occur, before such establishments can be organized and matured, in the midst of actual dangers.

No system of policy ought ever, in a civilized state, to be founded upon the supposition of a state of war. But as war is, in

every state of man, the occasional and inevitable result of human passions, it is the height of folly and imprudence to neglect to provide such means of offence or defence, as are compatible with the usages of our cotemporaries, and the rational freedom of the citizen.

On the other hand, the soldier, on entering into the service of his country, in time of actual war, must be aware that he is subject to be disbanded and turned back to the station of private a citizen, the moment that his services are no longer required: he knows that the fundamental principles of our government, and the feelings of the people, are opposed to large military establishments, as dangerous to liberty; and, consequently, that the compact between him and his country, is limited to the duration of hostilities. In the mean time, his pay, his lands, his rank, if he be an officer, the glory that he acquires, should he merit it, and the consideration which ever attaches itself to valour, are to be considered a full equivalent for his services. To these rewards we would add the gratification resulting from the consciousness of having faithfully served his country, were we not rather apprehensive of exciting the ridicule of the world. As a common or universal motive of action, this patriotic feeling cannot be safely relied on, except in the most desperate cases, and among a people free and happy. Yet, to say that patriotism is not universal, is no argument against its existence. All the higher virtues are rare; and there are as many examples on record of devoted patriotism as of pure and genuine fortitude, generosity, or magnanimity. We, therefore, venture to present it as one of the rewards of the zealous soldier, and as affording him sources of gratification, which, combined with those we have before enumerated, is sufficient to settle the account between him and his country. If such is not the case he was wrong to enter into the service; he should have pursued some other course, for these were all the advantages he could possibly propose to himself. He knew that the war could not last for ever; and had every reason to suppose his services would not be required in time of peace. The officer, then, who clamours at his dismissal, and charges the government with a breach of contract in executing the provisions of the laws, cancels the debt which his country may perhaps owe him, by demonstrating that he was

not impelled into her service by any motive which honourable ambition inspires, but by feelings, selfish, sordid, and personal.

In the period which elapsed between the revolutionary war and the year 1793, the United States had not a single ship in commission. The following year, however, the depredations of the Algerines, seem to have called the attention of congress to the protection of our commerce in the Mediterranean. The 27th of March in that year, the president of the United States was authorized to build, equip, and employ six frigates, four of forty-four guns, and two of thirty-six guns. It was, however, left to the discretion of the president to employ a different force, provided it did not exceed that authorized by the act, and no vessel employed carried less than thirty-two guns.* The number of commissioned and warrant officers, as well as the crews of each grade of vessels, and the pay allowed them, was also established at this time. It was also specified that the rules and regulations of the service, established in the year 1775, should remain in force for the government of the navy, so far as comported with the constitution of the United States, until others should be adopted.†

In the year 1798, the president was authorized, by act of Congress, to cause to be built a number of vessels not exceeding twelve, and not carrying more than twenty-two guns each. The same year, the administration of the navy, which had hitherto been included in the duties of the war department, was placed under the special direction of a secretary of the navy, who was to exercise his power under similar restrictions with the heads of the other departments. A corps of marines, about this time, was also authorized to be raised and attached to the navy. The next year the president was empowered to build six seventy fours, and six sloops of war, for which object one million of dollars was appropriated. The timber was procured for these vesels, but the seventy-fours were never completed, and the timber was wasted in the building of gun boats.

This increase in the naval establishment of the United States, was contemplated in consequence of the near prospect of hostilities with the French republic. Various depredations had been

* Clarke's Naval History.

† Idem.

committed on our commerce by the French cruisers, for which compensation was refused by the then existing government of France, which, following the fashion of the times, took advantage of its freedom from the immediate pressure of the superior power of others, to oppress where there was no fear of immediate resistance. In truth, from a glance at the commercial history of the United States, it will appear, that almost every nation of Europe, which could lay any pretensions to the character of a naval power, has, in turn, enriched itself with the spoils of our commerce. Even Spain has at times levied contributions on our trade: and such was the opinion of our want either of the spirit, or the means, to obtain redress, that the little kingdom of Denmark, at one time, insulted and plundered us, without any fears for the consequences. But these times of deplorable degradation are past for ever. The United States have shown that they can, and will, resent insults and wrongs; and there is now, probably, but one power in existence that will venture, in future, to interfere with the authorized and lawful commerce of this nation.

A war of a few months was the consequence of these disputes between the two republics, and a squadron was fitted out under Capt. Truxton, to clear the West-Indies of French cruisers. While on this cruise, commanding the *Constellation* frigate, of thirty-six guns, he had two engagements, with the *Insurgent*, and the *Vengeance*, the first of which vessels struck, and the latter escaped in a squall. The superiority of the American fire, since so admirably demonstrated in such a variety of memorable instances, was apparent in both these engagements. In the action with the *Insurgent*, the *Constellation* had only one man killed and two wounded, while the loss of the enemy was twenty-nine killed and forty-four wounded. In the action with the *Vengeance* the Frenchman lost one hundred and sixty killed and wounded, and the *Constellation* thirty-nine. It was in the last of these battles, we remember, the fate of a gallant young midshipman, Jarvis, excited the sympathy and admiration of the people of the United States. The rigging of the *Constellation's* mainmast was entirely shot away, and when the squall which separated the two ships came on, it went by the board, carrying the top-men with it. Young Jarvis commanded the maintop, and had been apprized of

his danger, but gallantly replied, "he would not desert his post in time of action, and if the mast went he must go with it." Such examples are always worthy to be recorded, because the sacrifice of a gallant spirit is never in vain, unless it be suffered to pass into oblivion. While it continues to be remembered, it inspires emulation, and is the parent of a long succession of heroic feats that might never have been performed but for him who set the first example.

The war in which these conflicts occurred was of short duration, and no other naval encounters took place during its continuance. Scarcely, however, was it over, ere our little force was called upon to distinguish itself against Tripoli, one of the piratical states of Barbary. The history of these states is a reproach to the great naval powers of Europe, who not only permit these pirates to roam the Mediterranean, and sometimes the Atlantic, carrying Christians into captivity, but degrade themselves by paying an ignominious tribute for a privilege which their power would enable them to command. It is supposed, and the supposition is justified by every appearance, that the more powerful states of Europe purposely tolerate these pirates, because their cruisers, by keeping the seas, render it unsafe for the weaker nations to pursue their commerce, and thus enable the stronger ones to monopolize the whole trade of the Mediterranean.

In the year 1799 the Bashaw of Tripoli thought proper to order the American consul to quit his dominions, and to threaten hostilities unless some new demands on his part were complied with immediately. As this could not be done without an application to the government at home, the Bashaw declared war, on the tenth of June, and before the end of that month captured a number of American merchant vessels.

The government of the United States, owing to a spirit of economy, which, when not carried to an extreme, is highly commendable, was at this crisis but indifferently prepared either for protecting its commerce or chastising its enemies. With a disposition which neither experience nor calamity seems to have cured, Congress, who, having the sole prerogative of furnishing appropriations, are justly responsible for the adequate means of defence, had, as usual, suffered the naval establishment to moulder away under their neglect and indifference. The consequence was, that now, when it became necessary to protect the property

of the merchant and the liberty of the citizen, the means were to be almost entirely created anew. It was not until the year 1801 that Commodore Dale was sent into the Mediterranean, with a squadron of three frigates and one sloop of war. During all the intervening period the Tripolitans had nothing to check their depredations, or restrain them from venturing out into the Atlantic ocean. Commodore Dale declared a blockade of the port of Tripoli, and his presence, by preventing the Tripolitan cruisers from venturing out, saved the Americans from further capture. No other object could be obtained by this small force, which, though strong enough for protection, was too weak for chastisement, and, consequently, could never answer the great end of all military preparations, the attainment of satisfaction for injuries, and an honourable peace.

The war lingered on till 1803, when the government seems, at last, to have become sensible of the important truth, that the expense of carrying on a lingering inefficient warfare for ever, will at last amount to more than one bold, decisive, and vigorous effort, which generally succeeds in bringing it to a close. The two opposite errors of the two great systems of government, the hereditary and the elective, is, on the one hand, too great an indifference to the just wishes of the people, and, on the other, an abject deference to their narrow, short-sighted, and selfish prejudices and feelings. The first produces, at last, the downfall of the system, by internal revolution; the latter too frequently occasions a neglect of proper measures for future safety, and ultimately leads to the ruin of the people by external invasion.

It was now determined by congress, that the squadron in the Mediterranean should be considerably increased. The choice of a commander fell upon Commodore Preble, a man whose name is still cherished by the surviving gallant officers who served under him, and whose respect and regard is the highest testimony that could be offered to his worth. This officer, accordingly, sailed for the Mediterranean, in August, 1803, but was delayed some time at Tangiers, with Commodore Rodgers, adjusting some differences with the Emperor of Morocco, and did not arrive in time to commence active operations that season. About this time the Philadelphia frigate, in returning from a chase, being within about

four miles of Tripoli, ran on a rock not before known to European navigators, nor laid down in any chart. Every exertion was made to get her off, by lightening her, but without effect, and she was, after a resistance of four hours, obliged to surrender to the numerous swarm of gun boats that surrounded her on all sides. Her officers and crew were made prisoners, and two days afterwards, the wind blowing in shore, the frigate was got off, and towed into the harbour.

By this unfortunate accident three hundred Americans were thrown into captivity, where they remained till the expiration of the war, notwithstanding their daily attempts to escape, suffering all the mortifications incident to such a state, with the additional pang of being cut off, perhaps for ever, from the pursuit of honourable fame, and the service of their country. Among these were Bainbridge, Porter, Jones, Biddle, and many others, who have since distinguished themselves in the most signal manner. It is easy to be conceived what must have been the feelings of such men during this irritating captivity, more especially as they were imprisoned in a tower which overlooked the harbour of Tripoli, and from whence they had a view of the operations of our squadron.

The loss of the Philadelphia gave rise to a gallant and successful attempt to destroy her, which drew the attention of the nations bordering on the Mediterranean, many of whom had been hitherto almost ignorant of the existence of the United States. This attempt originated with Lieut. Stephen Decatur, now commanding the American squadron acting against Algiers, under whose orders it was executed. The Philadelphia was moored under the guns of the principal fort, and was guarded, on one quarter, by the Tripolitan cruisers, on the other, by a number of gun boats within half gun shot. In this situation she was boarded, carried, and set on fire, without the loss of a man on the side of the Americans. The Tripolitans lost twenty men. This action was performed by a trifling force, consisting of the Syren, Lieut. Stewart, and the ketch Intrepid, manned with seventy volunteers, among whom was the late gallant Capt. Lawrence.*

For this daring and successful enterprise Lieut. Decatur was

* Clark.

promoted to the rank of captain. Commodore Preble being now reinforced with six gun boats, two bomb vessels, and a number of Neapolitans, loaned by the king of Naples, determined to attempt a bombardment of Tripoli. On the 21st of July, 1804, he appeared off that place, which the weather prevented his approaching until the 28th, when he anchored the squadron within two miles and a half of the fortifications. The wind again shifting, he was again forced to weigh anchor, and did not regain his station until the 3d of August. Having observed that the enemy's gun boats were in a situation favourable to an attack, he made his dispositions accordingly, and commenced a general action, under a tremendous fire from the batteries on shore, then within musket shot.

In the mean time the Americans fell upon the Tripolitan gun boats, and the engagement became a struggle of personal prowess between the Christians and the followers of Mahomet, the natives of the old and the new world. The names of Decatur and Trippe appear with distinction in this furious encounter. The former boarded one of the enemy's boats with fifteen men, and captured her in ten minutes. At this moment he was told, that his brother, who commanded an American gun boat, had been treacherously slain by the commander of a Tripolitan boat, which he had captured, while stepping on board to take possession. On hearing this, Capt. Decatur immediately pursued the barbarian, overtook, boarded, and slew him with his own hand, after a personal contest, in which the most unyielding gallantry was displayed.

Lieut. Trippe boarded a Tripolitan gun boat with only a young midshipman, Mr. Henly, and nine men, his own boat having fallen off before the rest could follow him. In this situation, they were left to encounter the whole force of the enemy's crew, which consisted of thirty-six men. After a severe struggle, the Tripolitans were overcome, losing fourteen men, and having seven severely wounded. These struggles were man to man, the Christian sword against the Turkish sabre. On one occasion the sword of Lieut. Trippe, bending so as to become useless, he closed with his antagonist, wrested his weapon, and slew him. He received eleven wounds of the sabre, but survived them all. This gallant young officer was amiable, intelligent, and of most pleasing and modest deportment. All who knew him looked with confidence

to his one day amply fulfilling the promises held forth by his high qualities. But it is said that his spirit was broken by an untoward event, which happened on a voyage to New-Orleans, and he died of a fever at that place, leaving to his country to lament the loss of a most gallant officer, and to his friends a subject of everlasting regret.

Similar attacks were repeated from time to time, and similar displays of valour, skill, and enterprise were exhibited in them all. On one of these occasions an event took place which called forth the regret and admiration of this country in a peculiar manner. This was the deaths of Capt. Somers, and Lieutenants Wadsworth and Israel, all young officers of great promise, who perished in a fire ship, which had been boarded, and carried, by an overwhelming force of the enemy. These gallant youths voluntarily blew up the vessel, and perished, rather than run the risk of lingering out a life of slavery. The country, while it regretted their fate, applauded the sacrifice; and the names of Somers, Wadsworth, and Israel, are now familiar to our ears as early examples of heroic spirit and devoted gallantry. In vain do moralists and philosophers argue, that such acts of voluntary sacrifice are unjustifiable, and indicate rather the impetuosity of undisciplined youth, than the sober dictates of rational and chastened courage. Such men as these three heroic youths never perish in vain: they are sacrifices, let us humbly hope, acceptable to the divinity; for their examples have a lasting influence on the destiny of nations, and inspire a thousand succeeding acts of devoted heroism. The voluntary sacrifice of the *Decii* twice saved Rome, not, as it was believed, by conciliating the gods, but by inspiring their countrymen, like them, to perish in the cause of their country. These gallant young men are already celebrated in the rude, but honest songs of our people, and it is no unwarrantable assumption to say, that their names will descend to posterity, and become one of the favourite themes of poetry. There is yet a vast field open in this country for those who are ambitious of honest fame. A thousand paths remain unoccupied, and happy are those who shall first travel them; for they will become, what it is now impossible to become in the older nations of the world, the *foremost* names in a

long succession of illustrious followers, in this *new* and yet untrodden world.

The Bey of Tripoli, at length, grew tired of the war, which he had wantonly provoked. The frequent attacks he was obliged to sustain; the total annihilation of his trade, by the blockade which at the same time prevented his cruisers from making captures, and the approach of the exiled bey, who, assisted by the Americans, was now advancing to recover his lost dignity; all combined, induced him to signify his willingness for an adjustment of differences. Accordingly a communication was opened, which soon after resulted in the reëstablishment of a peace, in which the freedom of our trade was amply provided for, not only by the express terms of the treaty, but secured by the recollection of the loss and inconvenience he had sustained by its violation.

Although few or no immunities, or privileges, but such as the United States enjoyed previous to this war, were gained by it, still the advantages resulting were of the highest importance. It illustrated our character on that famous sea, which is bordered by the most renowned nations of ancient and modern times; and it furnished opportunities for exploits performed almost within sight of three quarters of the globe. It was a school in which our little navy acquired the skill, gained the experience, and fostered the spirit, which prepared it for entering the lists with the most famous naval warriors of the world. It was in that war, too, that a standard of valour was established among our officers, by the examples we have slightly noticed in this sketch, below which none can now fall without comparative disgrace, and above which few can ever rise. Those who shall come after may act on a greater scale, or direct a more efficient force, but it is not possible that more daring courage, or more devoted valour, will ever be shown, than was displayed by the actors in the Tripolitan war. All maritime Italy felt the effects of their presence in the Mediterranean; the Barbary cruisers no longer made descents upon her shores, carrying off her people into slavery; and in Sicily and Sardinia, our officers were received as deliverers. His holiness, the Pope, publicly declared, that the Americans had done more for Christendom in one year, than Christendom had done for itself in a century.

The recollection of this contest will always be delightful to the people of the United States. They will dwell with fondness on the memorials of early prowess, that, like the first indications of youthful character, seemed to fortell its future destiny. They will view these points in our history with peculiar satisfaction, as the first steps in a long race of blameless glory, open before us. It is for other nations to boast of what they have been, and, like garrulous age, muse over the history of their youthful exploits, that only renders decrepitude more conspicuous. Ours is the more animating sentiment of hope, looking forward with prophetic eye, and almost realizing what we shall one day be, by the unerring standard of the past, and the present.

From the conclusion of the war with Tripoli, in 1804, to the beginning of the war with England, in 1812, little of consequence occurred in the history of the navy. In general, however, it may be observed, that the naval establishment was but little attended to, and was gradually falling to decay, when the progress of the retaliatory contest between England and France, rendered it pretty obvious that the United States must either retire from the ocean, or protect her commerce by force of arms. When it was found that the system of seclusion, adopted in the first instance, could not be sustained so strictly as was necessary to give the experiment a fair trial, it then became obvious that the other alternative must be adopted. Accordingly, funds were voted by congress, and appropriated at different times, for the repairing of vessels of war, that had been suffered to fall into decay, and for the purchase of timber for building new ones. But at the period of the declaration of war against England, the naval force of the United States consisted but of three forty-fours; four thirty-sixes; three thirty-twos; one corvette; five sloops; two bomb vessels, and one hundred and seventy gun boats.* The British navy at that time *nominally* consisted of upwards of one thousand ships of all descriptions. This enormous disproportion alarmed many politicians of the United States, who trembled at the mere sight of Steele's List; and there was not wanting a number of eminent men in the national legislature, who predicted, that in one year after the declaration of war, not a single vessel of war belonging to the

* Clarke.

United States, would sail under the stars and stripes of America. Even the most sanguine yielded to despondency, and, for some time, whenever one of our little navy went to sea, the friends of the officers bade them farewell, as if they were going to be offered up sacrifices to the great Leviathan of the deep, and would never return. Those who knew them, never doubted their courage, but the nation had become cow'd by British songs, and British accounts of the valour of their tars, and it was feared that neither the experience or skill of our officers and men qualified them for the contest.

But this despondency did not extend to those in whose minds it would have operated most fatally to our country. In our own ports, in the Mediterranean, and in various parts of the world, the American officers had met, and studied the character of their enemy; they had examined with a wary eye his ships, his seamen, discipline, and skill, and they felt confident in their own superiority. They saw that a long course of success had made them arrogant, and the want of an enemy to excite their vigilance caused them to become careless in enforcing that discipline and those habits by which alone they had heretofore been successful. In short, they distinctly perceived those symptoms which precede and indicate the commencement of that deterioration, by which the most renowned establishments, the most illustrious institutions of mankind, slowly, yet surely, decline into contempt and insignificance. For the British themselves, they uniformly spoke with contempt of our navy; the newspapers flouted at it: factious orators condescended to make it the subject of jest and ridicule, and the very mention of "*cock-boats and striped bunting*" was enough to make the whole parliament of England shout "Hear, hear!" Such was the overweening opinion they entertained of their superiority, that the commanders of their sloops of war, absolutely tickled themselves with the idea of towing one of our frigates (since discovered to be seventy-fours in disguise) into the harbours of England. It was under this impression that the *Alert*, sloop of war, came alongside of the *Essex*, Captain Porter, with an intention of taking her, but was obliged to strike before the *Essex* had discharged quite half a broadside.

Thus stood the state of public opinion on this great question, a question the consequences of whose decision no one can adequately

estimate, when, on the 19th of August, 1812, it was decided, after a trial of thirty minutes, by the capture of the *Guerriere*, an English frigate of the first class, commanded by Captain Dacres, by the *Constitution*, an American frigate of the first class, commanded by Captain Hull. In this action certain points of superiority on the part of the Americans were indicated, which have since been fully established; and notwithstanding the various excuses, devices, subterfuges, and denials, of the enemy, are now demonstrated to the satisfaction of the world.

If, in judging of actions, we estimate their importance by the consequences which flow from them, this engagement, although only between single ships, was one of vast moment, not only in its immediate, but its remoter effects. It roused the nation from that depression, we might say, that despondency, almost approaching to despair, in which the ill success of our arms on the frontier had plunged it, and awakened us to a sense of our capacity for conquest. It animated the soldier, the sailor, and the citizen, with confidence; it thrilled through every vein and artery of this country; and it inflicted a wound on the hopes, the arrogance, and the national pride, of the enemy, which still bleeds, and festers, and corrodes; and which, if ever healed, will leave an indelible scar. This victory was also the first, in a train of triumphs, which, following in rapid, and almost uninterrupted succession, gradually opened the eyes of Europe, and wrought a change in the opinions of mankind, which, sooner or later, will lead to consequences of the utmost magnitude. Those who have observed the sway which opinion exercises over the events of this world, and the actions of men, will at once perceive that the overthrow of that opinion of British invincibility on the seas, under which Europe has so long laboured, will, at no distant period, create the most powerful opposition to the domination so long exercised on that element by England, which approaches nearer to a universal monarchy, than the conquests of Alexander, or the empire of Rome.

We have heretofore premised that it was not our intention to give any other than a very brief sketch of the rise and progress of the naval establishment of the United States. The reader who would wish a more particular detail, is referred to Mr. Clarke's work, which we observe with pleasure has passed to a second edition, and to whom we take this opportunity of

acknowledging the assistance he has afforded us in the present undertaking. The events which succeeded the capture of the *Guerriere*, and the rapid succession of naval victories that followed during the continuance of the war, are yet fresh in the minds and hearts of our people. So far as an almost uniform result in a variety of separate cases, amounts to a demonstration, we have demonstrated the superior valour, skill, activity, and patriotism of our officers and seamen, over those of England: chance may sometimes gain a victory, but a succession of victories is the best proof of superiority.

The successes of Jones, Decatur, Bainbridge, Warrington, Blakely, Stewart and Biddle on the ocean; the victories of Perry and Macdonough, on the lakes; the death of Burroughs, who died like a Roman, and the last injunction of Lawrence, which will forever be the rallying word of the profession, are so recent, so warm in our hearts, as to require no commemoration here. There is no native of this wide extended republic, who cannot repeat with feelings of honest exultation, each one of these illustrious actions, that, while they stand as imperishable monuments of the early vigour of our youthful nation, point, at the same time, to the path of her future safety and glory. We do not mean the glory of conquest or oppression, but that of vindicating our maritime rights, and humbling the arrogance of the oppressor of the seas. When time shall have cast these exploits a little into the shade that follows in his train; when the present race shall have passed away, and posterity look upon the example, and inheritance of renown bequeathed them by their forefathers, it is here they will rest with peculiar pride. As one by one they tell over the rapid victories, they will forget to count the gold expended in the contest, and happily become inspired to emulate, what they will probably never be able to excel.

They will read with exultation, that in a contest with England and her thousand ships, our little navy was not destroyed, according to the expectations of both friends and foes, but increased almost threefold; and that in four months after the ratification of peace, an American squadron more numerous and better appointed than any that ever sailed under the stars and stripes, was in the Mediterranean, blockading the port of Algiers, and effectually protecting the commerce of the United States, as well as that of

other nations, who are wasting their blood and treasure in objects of fruitless ambition.

Before we conclude this article, our readers will perhaps indulge us in a few reflections. We have before touched on the common, vulgar, and short-sighted error, which causes the people in every free country to repine at the support of those establishments which must be fostered in time of peace, in order to become adequate to the exigencies of war. Those who wait till the danger arrives, before they contribute the means of defence, will find themselves the victims of a miserable mistaken economy, and fare like the miser who was plundered of his hoards, because he would not pay for a lock to his door. The war is over now, and it seems that the representatives of the people act upon some prophetic certainty that another is never to arise. But it should never be forgot, that for some inscrutable reason, providence hath permitted wars to rage at various times, in every country on the face of the earth, and that no nation can hope to escape them, without a special dispensation, such as has never yet been granted. Neither remoteness of situation, the most wary prudence, the best regulated dispositions, the strictest justice, or the most exemplary forbearance, it would seem, can screen a nation from this, any more than from any other inevitable consequences, of the crimes and follies of human nature.

Every man, in his capacity of citizen, can resort to a superior tribunal, for satisfaction, when he is injured. Here the law is enforced, and the decision must be complied with by the individual, under penalties which are easily enforced, because the whole community is interested in the preservation of the laws, and the tribunals represent the whole people. But nations have no system of laws, at least no absolute communion in its preservation; and if aggressions are offered by one, the other, on the failure of remonstrance, has but one resort, and that is an appeal to force for redress, because there is no higher tribunal than themselves upon earth, to sit in judgment and decide the quarrel. In this point of view the nation may be said to be placed in a state of nature, where injuries are revenged by retaliation, and justice obtained by force.

War is then but a natural consequence of the operation of human passions, and cannot be avoided without changing the nature

of man. The history of every age and nation seems to demonstrate this truth. It is then a subject worth considering, whether a reasonable foresight in preparing for events that, however distant, must inevitably happen, not compatible with the maxims of a free government—whether it is not more prudent to prevent, than to remedy—and whether the most scrupulous economy, the most devoted regard to the interests of self, do not sanction the maxim that it is wise to give up part for the security of the whole.— This is the fundamental maxim of society in its civil institutions, and is equally applicable to the present question. Few people know better the value of money, or keep a more wary eye to their interests, than merchants, and yet they pay a certain premium to insure their property on the ocean. So, also, the landlord gives every year a certain sum for insuring his house against fire; and the accident of war, though not so common, yet being much more extensive in its operation, ought equally to be provided against. A much greater number of persons have suffered by the accident of war, than by that of fire, and it would seem to be a natural consequence, that, at least, equal care should be taken to guard against the effects of war as against those of fire, or any other great calamity. The people then, who clamour against paying a reasonable sum for the support of the army or navy—that is, for insurance against losses by war—and their representatives, who, actuated by considerations of personal popularity, lose sight of the obvious necessity of preparing, in this warlike age, against the hour, which, like that of death, may not come to-day nor to-morrow, yet will surely come at last, are justly chargeable with a neglect of the best lessons of experience.

But, on the other hand, the prudent foresight which is for ever sacrificing the certainties of the present, to the uncertainties of the future, may be carried further than reason will justify. Men are not called upon, in worldly affairs at least, to sacrifice their present comforts to remote contingencies, nor to carve themselves to-day, in the apprehension of wanting a dinner to-morrow. Neither is it wise to sacrifice the comforts of a long peace, to the purposes of a short war. Yet there is a due medium in this, as well as in every thing else. Men are stigmatized with imprudence, if they neglect to lay aside something which can be spared, for the wants

of age. True, they may not live to grow old ; but it is good to be prepared for the worst, though the event may not befall us. Perhaps it would be well for the people of the United States to apply these simple maxims to the present state of their political affairs.

We have just ended a war, the seeds of which are deeply implanted in the relations that subsist, and must long subsist, between the United States and a powerful nation, to whom every country is a neighbour—easily accessible, through the means of her thousand ships. The same causes still exist which occasioned that war, and to these are added, on one hand, the memory of injuries inflicted—the other, of disgraces suffered. On one side, there is the consciousness of youthful prowess to animate—on the other, the deep fang of wounded pride to impel. The two nations are two combatants smarting with wounds, parted in battle before either was conquered, and both still convinced of their own superiority. No cordial sentiment of friendship will probably unite them again, for they are once too nearly allied ever to forgive each other the wound they have mutually inflicted. To forgive the wrongs of our enemies is easy—to pardon the injuries of our friends impossible. The United States and England were once one family, and it is well known that the enmity of relations is irreconcilable. They are rivals in commerce—and when two people interfere with each other's interests, they cannot long be friends. They are rivals on the ocean, on the land, and on the lakes—and that will be a source of eternal enmity. Along the whole course of our extensive and ill-defined frontier, we touch upon each other, and a variety of conflicting claims exist, which at some future day will be decided, not by the mediation of the emperor of Russia, but by the sword. In short, which ever way we look, whether toward the ocean, or the land, we perceive the impossibility of avoiding frequent collision with a haughty nation, with millions of soldiers, to whom the life of a soldier is a luxury, and whose physical means of warfare are increased by the pressure of internal politics. So far, therefore, from England being, as has been so often asserted, our natural ally, both reason and experience demonstrate her to be our natural rival ; and so far from our ever looking to her as a friend, either in prosperity or adversity, we should lay our account in finding her our enemy, now, henceforth, and forever. It is not with a view of exciting any further enmity to.

ward England that we have made these remarks, but to warn our own country of the predicament in which she stands in relation to that powerful nation.

It remains, then, for the people of the United States, with whom the decision of all great questions of national policy ultimately rests, to decide, whether by precipitately diminishing our means of defence; by frittering down the army, until it is capable of guarding our extensive frontier from Indian hostility; by repealing the taxes which have restored the credit of the government; and by acting in every instance as if we were never to be called upon again for the defence of our rights, they are not preparing the way for the recurrence of the evils they have just escaped. If, however, they decide that the nation is to be dismantled, notwithstanding all the late lessons of experience, and all the rational anticipations of the future, it is not difficult to foresee that the same consequences will ensue. A conspiracy of kings will probably set about reforming our government ere long; or, at all events, the same miserable succession of never-ending, still-beginning injury and insult, will be again heaped upon us: in proportion as we grow weak and spiritless, they will acquire additional aggravation; and by the time the means of obtaining satisfaction are mouldered from our grasp, and the spirit of the nation is laid in the dust, we shall be forced, at last, to defend our rights, when the means of defence are to be created anew. The good citizens of the United States may then comfort themselves by reviling a government for want of energy in the employment of means which they were denied to be furnished, and thus console themselves, amid the ruin of their habitations, and the disgrace of the country.

It is confidently hoped, however, that there is but one sentiment now, with respect to the gradual augmentation of that navy which, at a time of great national despondency, retrieved on the ocean what had been lost on the land, and roused again the spirit of the republic. It cannot be forgot with what delight these successes were hailed, and what a noble flame of emulation they kindled in the army. The victory of Erie relieved the western frontier from a savage invasion; that of Macdonough preserved the state of New-York from a similar fate; and the victories of Hull, Decatur, Jones, and Bainbridge, saved the nation from despair.

The courage, skill, and energy displayed in these actions sufficiently indicate, that, like our mother country, we are destined to gain renown on the element which offered us a path to this new world, and that we have only to cherish a proper respect for ourselves, and make a proper use of our experience, to fulfil the bright auguries of our early patriots.

Perhaps no nation on record ever set out with such advantages as ours. With all the elastic vigour of youth, we possess the benefits of dear-bought experience, derived from a variety of situation, and from actual suffering. Within the short period of one man's life, we have been slaves, and have become freemen; we have suffered civil war once, and extensive invasions twice; we have felt the effects of internal divisions, and the pervading influence of party spirit, carried to a dreadful extreme: and have become acquainted with our weakness, as well as with our strength. While, therefore, we possess all the fire, activity, and versatility of youth, combined with so much of the experience of age, it would be difficult to suggest any insurmountable objection to the United States placing themselves on a level with any nation, and maintaining their claim to the station they assume.

Nothing is wanting to this, but to shake off the remains of that miserable degrading colonial spirit of subserviency, which, in too many portions of this country, still remains deeply rooted in the hearts of those who, from their wealth and extensive connexions, exercise a wide-spread influence. That spirit, we mean, which crouches at the foot of foreigners; which ever gives precedence to foreign opinions and foreign fashions; which condescends to import the follies of every nation, and never, on any occasion, dares to think or reason for itself. While this spirit, or rather this want of spirit, is so deeply implanted in the minds of so many men who occupy stations, and enjoy a reputation which gives to their opinions and example extensive influence, we fear it will be long before our country becomes what the beneficent Creator seems to have intended her—an example to others in what is really great and admirable, rather than a servile imitator of their caprices, follies, and absurdities.

P.

POETRY.

ON THE PASSAIC FALLS.

(ORIGINAL.)

For the Analectic Magazine.

Romantic Genius of Passaic's wave!
Thou oft, secluded in thy giant cave,
Lov'st to contemplate, from the dark recess,
Thy proud domain, in Nature's wildest dress;
Or, gliding smooth beneath the shadowing trees,
Inhale the freshness of the evening breeze.

The fond-enthusiast oft, with wandering feet,
Seeks mighty nature in thy wild retreat:
When Sol's last splendours stream along the flood,
Shoot up the mountain side, and gild the wood;
When purpling tints the evening sky reveals,
And, shade on shade, night o'er the landscape steals;
Here let me roam, and bending o'er yon steep,
Which fronts the tumbling torrent, dark and deep,
Watch the unvarying sheet that downward pours,
And, ceaseless, in the dreadful chasm roars;
While in the mist that buoyant floats in air,
Wild superstition's wizard forms appear,
And, as the snowy spray disports on high,
Half finished phantoms flash across the eye.

Amid these records of a deluged world,
By power divine, in awful ruins hurl'd;
Amid these works of patriarchal time,
Age after age, still beauteous, still sublime,
The poet loves to study nature's book,
And back four thousand years, in thought, to look:
To view the rising flood resistless roll'd
O'er verdant hills and valleys cloth'd in gold;
When mountain-peaks, amid the watery waste,
Seem'd wave-beat rocks on shoreless ocean's breast;
Till, as the heaven-sent flood swell'd fast and wide,
The ark was all of earth that stemm'd the tide.
Then fancy sees the falling waters yield,
Again appear'd the mountain, forest, field;
Then first on yonder cliffs the sun arose,
And, ting'd with purple, light their gloomy brows;
Then first Passaic here meandering wound,
And poured his never-dying thunder round.

When deepening shades have solemnized the scene,
 Tinging with sombrous hues each vivid green ;
 When distant clouds deceive th' enraptur'd eye,
 And fairy mountains skirt the evening sky,
 And not a sound disturbs the twilight wood,
 Save from the solemn, ceaseless, deafening flood,
 Then, from the mist, which hovers o'er the stream,
 While sportive fancy weaves her wildest dream,
 'Thoughts pour'd on thoughts, across the mind are driven,
 As eagle swift, or lightning's course through heaven—
 "How chang'd the scene," I cried, "from that which erst,
 Ere yet this land with Europe's sons was curst,
 Here oft appear'd, when, at the solemn roar,
 The Indian paus'd, and worshipp'd on the shore ;
 Thought that yon mist enshrin'd the guardian God,
 Who shook the groves and mountains with his nod ;
 Whose voice, amid the fall's tremendous sound,
 Swell'd the loud thunder as it roll'd around."

This scene romantic let me oft admire,
 Ere yet the radiant sun has tipped with fire
 The woods and mountains that around me rise,
 Or fringed with glowing light the brightning skies ;
 When every oak, in which the breezes sigh,
 With melancholy murmur waves on high ;
 And still no sound re-echoes on the shore,
 Save the loud cataract's hoarse-thundering roar :
 Then may I court calm memory's gentle power,
 And back to life call each departed hour.
 Lov'd Carolina ! then thy absent shore,
 In fancy's dreams, I hasten to explore ;
 On love's swift wing pass realms and seas between,
 And smile and weep at each reviving scene.
 Then heaven-ward reason owns her matchless sway,
 And veils her star in fancy's comet ray :
 Each moment more than mortal joys arise,
 That here may fade, but live beyond the skies :
 Then nature owns the unutterable bliss,
 Too frail, too bright, for lasting happiness !
 And while the pilgrim soul, remote from home,
 Looks from this world beyond the starry dome,
 The radiant messenger to man below,
 Pledge of his birth, and soother of his wo,
 Hope springs aloft, to light the exile's way,
 Auspicious dawn, on earth, of heaven's eternal day.

Charleston, S. C. June, 1815.

ZERBINO.

DOMESTIC LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

North-American Antiquities - There is now in the city of New-York a remarkable human mummy, or exsiccation, found lately in Kentucky. It is thus described in a letter from Dr. MITCHELL, to S. M. BURNSIDE, Esq. Secretary of the American Antiquarian Society.

DEAR SIR,

August 24th, 1815.

I offer you some observations on a curious piece of American antiquity now in New-York. It is a human body, found in one of the lime-stone caverns of Kentucky. It is a perfect exsiccation; all the fluids are dried up. The skin, bones, and other firm parts are in a state of entire preservation. I think it enough to have puzzled Bryant and all the Archæologists.

In exploring a calcareous chamber in the neighbourhood of Glasgow, for salt petre, several human bodies were found enwrapped carefully in skins and cloth. They were inhumed below the floor of the cave; *inhumed*, and not lodged in catacombs.

These recesses, though under ground, are yet dry enough to attract and retain the nitric acid. It combines with lime and potash; and probably the earthy matter of these excavations contains a good proportion of calcareous carbonate. Amidst these drying and antiseptic ingredients, it may be conceived that putrefaction would be stayed, and the solids preserved from decay.

The outer envelope of the body is a deer skin, probably dried in the usual way, and perhaps softened before its application, by rubbing. The next covering is a deer skin whose hair had been cut away by a sharp instrument, resembling a hatter's knife. The remnant of the hair, and the gashes in the skin, nearly resemble a sheared pelt of beaver. The next wrapper is of cloth, made of twine doubled and twisted. But the thread does not appear to have been formed by the wheel, nor the web by the loom. The warp and filling seem to have been crossed and knotted by an operation like that of the fabrics of the north-west coast, and of the Sandwich islands. Such a botanist as the lamented Muhlenburgh could determine the plant which furnished the fibrous material.

The innermost tegument is a mantle of cloth like the preceding; but furnished with large brown feathers arranged and fastened with great art, so as to be capable of guarding the living wearer from wet and cold. The plumage is distinct and entire, and the whole bears a near similitude to the feathery cloaks now worn by the nations of the north-western coast of America. A Wilson might tell from what bird they were derived.

The body is in a squatting posture, with the right arm reclining forward, and its hand encircling the right leg. The left arm hangs down, with its hand inclined partly under the seat. The individual, who was a male, did not probably exceed the age of fourteen, at his death. There is a deep and extensive fracture of the skull, near the occiput, which probably killed him. The skin has sustained little injury; it is of a dusky colour, but the natural hue cannot be decided with exactness, from its present appearance. The scalp, with small exceptions, is covered with sorrel or foxy hair. The teeth are white and sound. The hands and feet in their shrivelled state are slender and delicate. All this is worthy the investigation of our acute and perspicacious colleague, Dr. Holmes.

There is nothing bituminous or aromatic in or about the body, like the Egyptian mummies, nor are there bandages around any part. Except the several wrappers, the body is totally naked. There is no sign of a suture or incision about the belly; whence it seems that the viscera were not removed. It may now be expected that I should offer some opinion as to the antiquity and race of this singular exsiccation.

First, then, I am satisfied that it does not belong to that class of white men of which we are members.

2dly. Nor do I believe that it ought to be referred to the bands of Spanish adventurers who, between the years 1500 and 1600 rambled up the Mississippi and along its tributary streams. But on this head I should like to know the opinion of my learned and sagacious friend, Noah Webster.

3dly. I am equally obliged to reject the opinion that it belonged to any of the tribes of aborigines, now or lately inhabiting Kentucky.

4thly. The mantle of feathered work, and the mantle of twisted threads, so nearly resemble the fabrics of the indigenes of Wakash and the Pacific islands, that I refer this individual to that era of time, and that generation of men, which preceded the Indians of the Green-River, and of the place where these relics were found. This conclusion is strengthened by the consideration that such manufactures are

not prepared by the actual and resident red men of the present day. If the Abbe Clavigero had had this case before him, he would have thought of the people who constructed those ancient forts and mounds, whose exact history no man living can give. But I forbear to enlarge; my intention being merely to manifest my respect to the Society for having enrolled me among its members, and to invite the attention of its Antiquarians to further inquiry on a subject of such curiosity.

With respect, I remain yours,

SAML. L. MITCHILL.

MR. OGILVIE, the celebrated orator, has been employed, during the last year, in delivering a course of lectures on eloquence and criticism, in the college of South Carolina. It is his design, after having delivered, in the principal cities of the United States, three discourses on oratory which he has lately prepared, to repeat his course of lectures in the other American colleges. The following communication, from the faculty of the college of South Carolina, bears ample testimony to the high ability with which he conducted his late course.

The South-Carolina College, July 3, 1815.—The underwritten consider themselves as discharging a debt of justice, in submitting to the public the following statement, concerning the course of oratorical lectures lately delivered in this college by Mr. James Ogilvie.

On his arrival at this place, he communicated his intentions to the faculty and board of trustees, and an arrangement was immediately made to accommodate his system of instruction. A class of twenty, which was afterward increased to nearly thirty, was formed out of the two highest classes. Mr. Ogilvie began his lectures in March, and continued them until the latter part of June. He gave lectures twice in each week; after each lecture, questions, involving the principal points which had been discussed, were delivered to the class. These they were required to answer in writing, and exhibit to the lecturer, at an appointed time, for his inspection and criticism. This proved a very useful exercise in composition. In order to render his instructions substantially useful, Mr. O. exercised the class three hours every day (except Saturday and Sunday) in declamations and recitations. His exertions in this, as in all other parts of his course, were constant and indefatigable; and their salutary effects soon became visible in the just, manly, and graceful delivery of his pupils. On every Wednesday evening, exercises in elocution, and specimens in criticism, were publicly exhibited in the college chapel. The audiences were numerous and highly respectable; and constantly gave the most decisive evidences of their approbation.

At the close of his course, Mr. O.'s class sustained a public examination; and on two evenings entertained very crowded and brilliant audiences with specimens of original composition. On all these occasions the proficiency of his pupils evinced the superior skill and ability with which they had been instructed. Though the attendance of the young gentlemen on Mr. O.'s lectures was entirely voluntary, yet such was their conviction of his ability to instruct them, and of the advantages to be derived from a comprehensive and brilliant display of elementary principles, enforced with the energy of practical skill, that their industry, ardour, punctuality, and correct deportment, were probably never exceeded in any college.

In order to excite general attention, and to attract national patronage, to a new, or neglected art, no plan can promise better success than the delivery of a course of lectures, illustrating its utility, successively in the colleges of any civilized nation. This plan, judiciously executed, would impart to the rostrum some portion of that permanent and diffusing influence which belongs to the press. The witty lines of Hudibras,

“That all a rhetorician's rules,
Teach only how to name his tools,”

cannot be applied to Mr. O.'s lectures. He has attempted to teach the students how to use these tools with dexterity and energy. He has done more; he has dared to attempt the fabrication of more efficient tools. He has, in fact, commenced at the stage where preceding lecturers have suspended their inquiries and speculations, and advanced a step further; analyzed the elementary principles on which the efficacy of oratory, in all its departments, essentially depends; and in the progress of his analysis, concentrated the light which the present advanced state of mental philosophy has shed upon oratory. His lectures, of course, are not confined to oratory alone, but develop those principles of the human mind which are intimately connected with philology, rhetoric, logic, and ethics. This course of lec-

tures constitutes but a part of a more extensive and arduous undertaking, which aims at the accomplishments of the same object, and which, should Mr. Ogilvie recover sufficient health, we trust, he will be able to execute. His mode of lecturing deserves peculiar attention: it is singularly calculated to awaken and keep alive curiosity; to exercise not only the faculties of intellect, but the best affections of the heart. This has been fully proved by his having been able to induce the class to exert their minds with unabated energy during three hours at every lecture. Nor ought we to overlook his substitution of a species of moral discipline, that almost wholly supersedes any recurrence to authority or coercion in his control over the minds of his pupils; a species of discipline which we believe to be peculiarly adapted to the education of young persons, destined to exercise the inestimable rights which republican liberty secures and perpetuates. Nor does Mr. O. omit, in his lectures, any opportunity to inculcate the pure and sublime principles of Christian ethics, and to illustrate the preëminent rank which pulpit oratory is entitled to claim, and which, under the auspices of a regulated and moral freedom, it may be expected to attain.

Mr. Ogilvie's purpose is elevated; his object patriotic. We cordially wish him success in his splendid enterprise of reviving in the United States the noble art of oratory: and we hope that other literary institutions may share in the same advantages which his eminent talents, learning, and skill, has conferred on this.

JONATHAN MAXCY, D. D. *President.*

THOMAS PARK, *Ling Prof.*

B. R. MONTGOMERY, *Mor Phil. et Log. Prof.*

E. D. SMITH, *Chem et Phl. Nat. Prof.*

} *Faculty
of the
College.*

The standing committee of the board of trustees have also transmitted to Mr. O. a letter, expressing their high sense of the services he has rendered their college. After fully concurring in the statement of the faculty, they add, "We have never known an instructor who possessed, in an equal degree, the talent of exciting the enthusiasm of his pupils. You have taught them to love the science in which they were instructed; and improvement must be the necessary consequence of such a disposition. Nor is this spirit confined to the science in which the students of this institution have been instructed by you. You have excited amongst them a general enthusiasm for literature; an enthusiasm which we flatter ourselves, will produce effects permanently beneficial to the college and the country. In this view alone we should feel ourselves bound to acknowledge, in the strongest terms, your merits and services toward the South-Carolina College."

Mr. John Melish, of Philadelphia, has made arrangements for pursuing, on a very extensive scale, the business of publishing and selling maps, charts, and geographical works. This, as a separate branch of business, is altogether new in this country, and cannot fail to be of great public utility. Mr. M. has formed an arrangement with that firm of excellent engravers, at Philadelphia, whose reputation is so widely diffused by their taste and skill, displayed in the numerous bank notes which they have engraved within a few years. He is thus enabled to combine, in his geographical and topographical publications, great celerity with elegance and accuracy of execution. As a specimen of the general manner of his future publications, he has just published an excellent map of the state of Ohio, from a late actual survey, by Hough and Bourne, on a scale of five miles to an inch. It will be accompanied by a statistical account of the state of Ohio.

The following view of the present state of the local geography of the several states may be useful to many of our readers.

Massachusetts and Maine.—Separate maps of them were published a few years ago, by Cariton. They are correct as far as they go, but not well engraved.

New-Hampshire.—We understand that an excellent map of this state, by Caragan, on a scale of three miles to an inch, is now prepared for publication.

Connecticut.—There is a very fine map of this state, and well engraved, from an actual survey, under state authority, in 1812, by M. Warren and G. Gillet, on a scale of two and a half miles to an inch. This must not be confounded with Damerum's map, which, though later and sufficiently commodious, is much inferior.

Rhode-Island.—There is a small map of this state—but there should be a better one, especially of its sea-board.

Vermont.—There are several bad maps of Vermont. Whitelaw's, though not well engraved, is pretty good.

New-York.—Dewitt's large state map, though well engraved, and prepared under the inspection of a man of great professional merit, was compiled, in part, from

bad materials, and cannot be highly recommended. It contains several errors of importance. The minuter features of the topography of the country, its mountains, smaller streams, &c. are much neglected, and the civil divisions of the state have been a good deal altered, since the date of this survey. There is an excellent map, on a large scale, by Sauthier, (1775,) which, for the then settled part of the state, (from Lake George to the sea,) is admirable, and well deserves republication. Eddy's map, of twenty miles round the city of New-York, is neat and correct. Lays, of the upper part of the state, is convenient, and sufficiently accurate for ordinary purposes. But it becomes this munificent state to take measures for a far more minute and perfect geographical survey than it has yet had. If this charge were confided to the corps of engineers, or the scientific professors of the military academy at West Point, New-York might, at an expense comparatively trifling, boast of a survey, we confidently say, not inferior to those of Mudge, Kennel, or Vallancey.

New-Jersey.—By Watson—four miles to an inch.

Pensylvania.—By Howell—The original on a scale of five miles to an inch. The same reduced to ten miles to an inch—Both are very good and distinctly engraved, but by no means so minute as to the physical geography of the country, or so magnificent in execution, as this opulent and most important state ought to possess.

Maryland and Delaware.—By Griffith.—Five miles to an inch—a good map.

Virginia.—Originally surveyed by the late Bishop Madison, since improved by others. This is a fine six-sheet map, and altogether one of the very best state maps; certainly the best of those of the great states.

North-Carolina.—Surveyed in 1812, by Price and Hothers—very good indeed.

South-Carolina, Georgia, Kentucky, and Tennessee, have no good maps. Mr. Melish states that there is a good map of Georgia in MS. If so, it should be published. It would well repay the expense.

Ohio.—Hough and Bourne, just published. We have not seen it, but good judges speak highly of its merit.

Louisiana.—B. Lason has published a good map of the lower part of the state. It is distinctly but not handsomely engraved. The work of Messrs. Darly & Bringer, announced in our last number, will probably add much to our geographical knowledge of this state. Those gentlemen have also in manuscript a good map, from actual survey, of the greater part of the state.

There are manuscript maps of the several territories in the public offices of government. Bradley's general map presents the only good geographical view of them which has yet been published, but that is by no means sufficiently particular and exact for purposes of business.

Wells & Lilly, Boston, have reprinted from the London edition, *Discipline*, a novel—2 vols. 12mo. The design of this novel is to pourtray a brilliant female character, free indeed from every coarser vice, but proud, malicious, selfish, and frivolous, gradually purified and exalted into high excellence, by the salutary discipline of adversity, and the operation of religious principle. These volumes have almost every merit that can recommend fictitious writing—interest of narrative—happy delineation of character—vivid description of scenery and of manners, and purity and elegance of style. The religious opinions of the authoress, without being dilated into undefined generalities, are neither narrow nor fanatical. The moral instruction, of which the story is intended to be the vehicle, is naturally interwoven in the narrative; nor is the reader obliged to labour through any of those heavy masses of controversial divinity, which are so frequently smuggled into novels of a grave cast, under the unsuspected forms of sentimental love letters, and tea-table conversations.

Van Winkle & Wiley, New-York, have reprinted *A New Covering to the Velvet Cushion*, one vol. 18mo. This work is intended as a set-off to the *Velvet Cushion*, and to support the cause of the English dissenting interest among the novel readers, as the *Velvet Cushion* had done that of the establishment.

OBITUARY.

Died—August 20th, at Flatbush, (L. I.) suddenly, RICHARD ALSOP, Esq. of Middletown, (Conn.) in the 56th year of his age.

This gentleman, though he was occasionally engaged in agricultural and commercial pursuits, had devoted the far greater part of his life to literature. At a period when there was, in this country, little general taste for literature, and without that stimu-

lus to mental cultivation which professional pursuits often afford, he manifested, in early youth, a love of letters, and an enthusiastic fondness for poetry, which he retained throughout his whole life. His early poetical compositions were chiefly of a fugitive kind, and were published in the newspapers and magazines of the times. Some of these have been since embodied and preserved in a collection of "American Poetry," printed twelve or fifteen years ago at Litchfield, (Conn.) He first became generally known as an author, by several pieces of satirical poetry: the first of these was published at New-York, and the others, under the title of the Greenhouse, the Echo, &c. from time to time, at Hartford. These were all designed to ridicule the then opposition, and to support the administration of President Adams. They had great pungency, wit, and sprightliness, and were, at the time, exceedingly popular; a good deal of the wit was local, and much of the sprightliness has evaporated by time, but a considerable portion of these poems may still be read with pleasure. In 1800 he published a "Monody," in heroic verse, on the death of Washington; and some years after, a very elegant and polished translation from the Italian of Berni, under the title of "The Fairy of the Lake." It is rather undervaluing than exaggerating the merits of this performance to say, that it deserves a place in every library by the side of the Ariosto and Tasso of Hoole.

He had, for many years, been employed on a larger work, "The Charms of Fancy," an excursive poem, in which he took a wide range of remark and description. A short time before his death, he had translated and prepared for the press, "*Aristodemus*," a tragedy of great merit, from the Italian of Monti; and he had for some time been amusing himself with translating from the Greek, into English blank verse, the poem of Quintus Calaber on the war of Troy.* All these, together with a prose translation of a posthumous work of Florian, are still in manuscript. He had also commenced an epic poem on the conquest of Scandinavia, by Odin, in which he intended to have recourse to the Scandinavian mythology as a source of imagery and illustration.

Mr. Alsop, at different times, enriched the literature of his country by the publication of several prose translations from the French and Italian; some of these are of an ephemeral nature, but his excellent translation of "Molina's History of Chili," with notes, &c. by the translator, (2 vols. 8vo. N. York, 1808,) is a most valuable contribution to science and the knowledge of geography. His last publication was "The Adventures of John Jewitt," (See *Analectic Magazine*, vol. 5 p. 493.) in which he has worked up the rude story of an unlettered man, with a pleasing simplicity of style which is likely to make it almost as popular in this country as *Robinson Crusoe*.

In familiar acquaintance with the literature of England, France, and Italy, he had scarcely an equal, certainly not a superior in this country; and although not a minute grammarian, his attainments in classical learning were very respectable. His knowledge was general and various. The "Universal Receipt Book," published some time ago from a collection which he had gradually made in several years, though not to be spoken of as a scientific or literary production, affords some evidence of his habits of observation and attention to every subject of practical utility.

He could scarcely be called a man of science, but there were few persons better acquainted with the more elegant parts of natural history. He was particularly skilful, and took great pleasure in preserving and preparing rare plants, flowers, and birds of gay plumage or uncommon occurrence.

Except for a period when he was engaged in business at New-York, he always resided in Middletown, his native village, where he lived in a very gentlemanly and hospitable style.

He was, perhaps, somewhat deficient in energy and decision, but his character was extremely amiable and his morals were without reproach. Though a warm politician, he was free from acrimony and malignity; and the satirist of democratic politics was the personal friend of Joel Barlow.

Few men, in private life, have lived more beloved, or died more lamented. He has contributed very much to the literary improvement, and not a little to the literary reputation of his country; and in the whole mass of his various publications, it would be difficult to find a single sentence in any way unfriendly to morals or religion, or

"One line which, dying, he might wish to blot."

* One of the later Greek poets who continued the Iliad. Some account of this writer may be found in the *Analectic Magazine*, vol. 3. p. 494.